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The Autobiography of St. Robert Bellarmine, S.J.

Translated with an Introduction by Gerard F. Giblin, S.J.

Introduction

In 1613 Robert Cardinal Bellarmine was in failing health. Father Mutius Vitelleschi, S.J.,[1] the Italian Assistant, requested the venerable cardinal to write an account of the principal events of his life. Bellarmine was reluctant to do this. He replied to Father Eudaemon-Joannes, S.J., who had seconded Father Vitelleschi's request, "I refuse to do any such thing. It is altogether indecorous to employ tongue and pen in one's own praises. There are other reasons, too, against it." Father Vitelleschi, however, insisted that an account of Bellarmine's life would be beneficial to the Society. On this plea Bellarmine wrote, *anno aetatis suae LXXI*, an outline in Latin of his career.

Bellarmine never intended the account for publication. It remained in the archives of the Society until the promoter of the cause of Bellarmine's beatification asked for it in 1675. It was finally published at Louvain in 1753.

The *Autobiography* long stood as the major objection in the way of Bellarmine's beatification. What case the opponents had, they based on this document. In the eighteenth century Cardinal Passionei set himself against Bellarmine's cause. The incident of the young Bellarmine and the Dominican prior mentioned in the manuscript resolved to the conclusion "that a Jesuit is never happier nor more in his element than when deriding a Dominican." The "theft" of material from St. Basil, according to Passionei, was proof that "Bellarmine lacked a virtue which even the pagans possessed and preached to the world."

The case that Cardinal Passionei sought to make against Bellarmine was not borne out by the facts. The devil's advocate in the process of 1675 stated at the end of his case against Bellarmine: "I have been ordered to state my true opinion here and now. As all that I urged

[1] Döllinger and Reusch (cf. *Sources*) in their first paragraph deny explicitly that Vitelleschi had anything to do with the original request to write the *Autobiography*. They base their argument on the statement that other writers claimed that the *Autobiography* had been written at the request of the General of the Society, Mutius Vitelleschi. Since the work was written before Vitelleschi became General (1615), they deduced that Vitelleschi had no part in it. Cardinal Ehrle and Father Brodrick (cited in *Sources*) hold for Vitelleschi's intervention. Father Brodrick explains this by saying that Vitelleschi made the request as Italian Assistant.

against the Venerable Servant of God, in accordance with the duties of my office, seems to have been excellently answered, I consider that there is the fullest evidence of his having practiced the cardinal and theological virtues in a heroic degree." As to the *Autobiography* itself, the canonist Prosper Lambertini (who later became Benedict XIV) stated that he did not consider the *Autobiography* in the least a genuine objection against Bellarmine's heroism in the service of God.

There is no denying that Bellarmine states frankly his accomplishments and talents. He does not do this to boast, but to show how God has been glorified in him, that his accomplishments are the accomplishments of God. As for his own virtues, he writes, "I have been silent about them because I do not know whether I truly possess any." At the end of his life Bellarmine had arrived at a point of utmost simplicity where he could speak about his achievements because he realized that they were all due to God.

Bellarmine's Life

The diminutive Jesuit from Montepulciano carved an exceptional career for himself in the Society of Jesus. He had a two week novitiate in the Roman College and soon distinguished himself as a student there. As a regent in Mondovi he gave harrassed Jesuit school masters a patron saint for the subterfuges necessary to cover the ignorance of the novice teacher when he learned the night before the Greek he was to teach the next day.

Bellarmine lectured in Louvain and was ordained almost in passing. He became a learned scholar and would spend time tracking down the value of a Hebrew coin so that his translations would have greater accuracy. He rubbed shoulders with future English martyrs from the college of Douay and was a good friend of Cardinal Allen, their rector.

Bellarmine suffered in Paris during Henry of Navarre's siege which cost the lives of 30,000 people and almost cost Bellarmine his. He tilted in argument with James I of England and his theory of divine right of kings.

He associated with saints. He was the spiritual director of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Charles Borromeo wanted him to teach in a college he had founded. During his lifetime his *Controversies* influenced St. Francis de Sales. In a letter St. Francis Borgia asked to be remembered "in specie" to Robert. On a visit to Lecce he knelt before the kneeling St. Bernardino Realini to receive his blessing.

To his own chagrin he made himself indispensable to the pope. Clement VIII asked him to revise the Sixtine Bible. Then without warning he created Bellarmine a cardinal. "We elect this man because he has not his equal for learning in the Church and because he is the nephew of good Pope Marcellus." Marcellus had helped Clement's father during a time of distress. The pope sought to return the favor, but he could not have done, at least in Bellarmine's eyes, a greater disservice. The brilliant theologian had no other desire than to remain a simple Jesuit.

Bellarmine did important work in the controversies on grace. He almost passes over these services and adds them in afterthought in the appendix of his *Autobiography*. He was the archbishop of Capua and later adviser to the pope.

When in 1613 he wrote his *Autobiography*, he had eight more years to live. During this time he reconciled Lucca to the Holy See. He notified Galileo of the Inquisition's verdict against him. In 1621, on September 17, he died quietly at San Andrea. He asked that his body be laid at the feet of Aloysius Gonzaga, "once my spiritual child."

Bellarmine's cause was subject to many setbacks. Pope Urban VIII started the process. But his own decree that the causes of confessors were not to be introduced until fifty years after their death halted the inquiry. Jansenists, Gallicans and Freemasons by pressures on their governments caused a postponement of the process even though Pope Benedict XIV said that Bellarmine deserved the honors of canonization. It was not until the time of Benedict XV on May 13, 1920, that Bellarmine was beatified. He was canonized in 1930.

The Sources

The best source of the life of Bellarmine in English is that of Father James Brodrick, S.J., *The Life and Work of Blessed Robert Francis Cardinal Bellarmine, S.J., 1542-1621.* London: Burns Oates and Washbourne, 1928. 2 Vols. At the end of Volume I, pp. 460-481, the *Autobiography* is published in Latin.

Also helpful in preparing the translation and understanding the text was the work of John Joseph Ignatius von Döllinger and F. H. Reusch, *Die Selbstbiographie des Cardinals Bellarmin.* Bonn: Neusser, 1887. The book contains the Latin text and a German translation which is accompanied by copious notes. Döllinger and Reusch favored the Old Catholic movement and unfortunately their work is, as Brodrick notes, marred by anti-papal prejudice.[2]

I have followed the text of Le Bachelet.[3] It is a critical text and notes the variations used by Döllinger and Reusch. These variations are minor; the more significant I have indicated in the footnotes. In the original text there is no paragraphing. I have followed Le Bachelet's division and arrangement of paragraphs. I have also introduced subheadings.

The *Autobiography* is written in the third person. Bellarmine refers to himself as N., although at times he lapses into the first person.

The *Autobiography* is valuable because it reveals the mind of a saint. Critics who like Cardinal Passionei decide *a priori* how a saint should write about himself will be disappointed. Those who wish to meet face to face a man whose sanctity has been approved of by the Church will find the reading of St. Robert a refreshing change from the exaggerations of over-pious hagiographers.

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[2] *Op. cit*, I, 9.

[3] *Bellarmin avant son Cardinalat 1542-1598.* Xavier-Marie Le Bachelet, S.J. Paris, 1911. The *Autobiography* is contained on pages 442-466.

The Autobiography

Early Years

N. was born on October 4, 1542. Both his parents were devout people. His mother, whose name was Cynthia, was especially so. She was the sister of pope Marcellus II[1]. She became acquainted with the Society through Father Paschase Broët, one of the first ten [companions of St. Ignatius], who when sick had come to Montepulciano to take the mineral waters.[2] She had an extraordinary reverence for him and sang his praises. Because of him she always admired the Jesuits and would have liked to have all her five sons enter the Society. She frequently gave alms to the poor, had the habit of prayer and contemplation and frequently practiced fasting and corporal penance. As a result she contracted dropsy and died a pious and holy death in 1575 at about the age of forty-nine. She raised her sons to be devout. The first three, of whom N. was the third, she ordered to go about together and not to associate with the other boys. Each day they had to go to a church which was near their home. There they prayed before the Blessed Sacrament. At an early age she accustomed them to go to confession, to attend mass, to pray, and to other pious practices.

When N. was about five or six years old, he used to give sermons. He would put on a linen garment, turn a chair around and stand on it. Then he would give a sermon on the Lord's Passion. His mind was not subtile nor sublime, but he had an aptitude for everything. Consequently he did equally well in all fields of knowledge. As a boy he began to like poetry and at times he would spend a large part of the night in reading Virgil. He came to know the poet so well that when he wrote hexameters he would not put a single word in them that was not Virgilian. His first poem was "On Virginity,"[3]

[1] Pope Marcellus II was Marcello Cervini who had been president of the Council of Trent. He was elected Pope in 1555, and great reform measures were expected from him, but he died within three weeks.

[2] Broët had fallen sick as a result of his missionary work in Italy and Ireland.

[3] The poem was on St. Catherine, virgin martyr of Alexandria.

and the first letters of the lines formed the word *Virginitas*. When he was sixteen he wrote an ode on the death of Cardinal de Nobili which was recited in public.[4] At that time he wrote many poems in Latin and Italian, and, in particular, books which he did not finish on the obstacles that were opposed to his entering the Society. These books, written in a Virgilian style, he not only did not finish, but burned. He was, indeed, ashamed of writing about such personal matters.

He wrote many poems at Rome, Florence, Mondovi, Paris, and finally at Ferrara where he was in charge of presenting a tragi-comedy for the Queen of Spain. When the person who had to recite the rather long prologue got sick, N. immediately wrote a shorter prologue in iambic meter which could be easily memorized. Of these many poems nothing is left but an ode written in sapphic meter at Florence. Addressed to Holy Spirit, it begins: "Spiritus celsi dominator axis."[5] Somebody had it printed without the name of the author in an anthology of poems by famous men. There also survives a very short hymn on St. Mary Magdalen which was put in the breviary.[6] The hymn was composed at Frascati and was preferred by Clement VIII to the hymn which Cardinal Antoniano wrote on the same subject. Both of us composed our hymns almost *ex tempore* and as a game. We did not think that they would be put in the breviary.

To return to the time before his entrance into the Society. If memory serves, N. was fifteen when he delivered a sermon or exhortation on Holy Thursday before the principal confraternity of the city.[7] Normally the prior gave the talk. The Fathers of the Society supplied the matter, but the words, the work of memory, and the gestures were his. On account of this sermon the prior compelled him to speak often before the confraternity with only a short time to prepare. During this period of his life he easily learned to sing and to play various

[4] The de Nobili family was prominent in Montepulciano, Robert's birthplace. Robert de Nobili became a cardinal at the age of twelve and died at seventeen. He was related to Robert de Nobili, S.J., the Indian missionary.

[5] Döllinger and Reusch have *astris* for *axis*. *Op. cit.*, 26.

[6] *Pater superni luminis* on July 21.

[7] The Confraternity of St. Stephen.

musical instruments and also to repair hunting nets so quickly that they seemed never to have been broken.

Entrance into the Society of Jesus

At sixteen he was about to go to Padua for higher studies. He had already received permission from Cosimo, Duke of Florence, to study outside Pisa. Then he decided to leave the world and apply for the Society. This is the way it happened. One day he began to think seriously how he could attain true peace of soul. As he was meditating at length on the various honors to which he could aspire, he began to consider seriously the transitory value of earthly possessions, even of possessions of the highest value. From that time on, he conceived a great aversion for them. He decided, therefore, to seek a religious order in which there was no danger of being promoted to ecclesiastical dignities. When at length he perceived that no order was freer in this respect than the Society, he decided that he must certainly enter it. He quietly took his decision to Father Alfonso Scariglia, at that time his teacher, who, he knew, had a great liking for him, and asked him as one good friend of another to tell me how he liked life in the Society. Was he content in his vocation? Was there any hidden evil or danger that was not immediately apparent? N. was exceedingly afraid that after he entered the Society he might regret it. The good Father told him that he was very happy in his vocation and supremely content in his way of life. Meanwhile the news came of the vocation to the Society of Riccardo Cervini, N.'s cousin, a vocation which seems to have come at exactly the same time. This strengthened him greatly in his vocation. They wrote letters to each other and then asked Father Laynez, who at that time was Vicar General, that they be admitted into the Society. But because Father Laynez desired them to enter in the good graces of their parents, a year passed. Then their parents obtained permission from Father Laynez, who had become General, that their sons remain still another year with them to test their vocations. Father General gave the permission and said this would count as a year of novitiate for the two cousins.

So, each of them spent some time at his own home, and some time together in the country district of Il Vivo. They ex-

perienced no opposition on the part of their parents. During that time they frequented the sacraments and studied the humanities. Each day after dinner, there was an academy. Signor Alessandro, Riccardo's father, taught a section of Virgil's *Georgics*. Riccardo, himself, explained the Greek text of Aristotle's *Poetics*. His brother Erennio, who afterwards died as prothonotary and referendary of both Signaturas, taught Demosthenes' *De Corona*, while N. expounded Cicero's *Pro Milone*. Beside this they taught catechism in the church, and gave sermons to the country folk, but not very often. When the year was over, with their parents' permission, they came to Rome. There, on the vigil of St. Matthew[8] 1560, they were admitted into the Society. After the ten days of the first probation which they spent as guests in their rooms, they were admitted to community life. They served a week in the kitchen and another in the refectory. With this they finished their novitiate[9] and were sent to the Roman College. On the feast of the Circumcision they renewed with the other scholastics the vows they had made of their own accord on the day of their entrance.

N. remained in the Roman College for three years. While there he studied logic and philosophy under Father Peter Parra. He was sick the whole three years. During his first year he suffered from extreme fatigue; in that year and the next he had severe headaches; in this third year it was thought that he was tubercular. Still he was first to defend the theses in the monthly repetitions, and at the end of the course he defended the whole of philosophy. In addition to this, when ten or twelve of the class were to be made master of arts, he alone was chosen from among them to expound the tract *De anima* and he defended it without a presiding professor. The professors, one or more, I can't remember which, offered their objections. The day before his defense he was sent with several companions to the villa. The purpose was to distract his mind from hard study so that his weak health might not be further compromised.

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[8] September 20.

[9] The power of the General to abridge the time of the novitiate was suspended by the Fifth General Congregation in 1594.

At Florence

In 1563 he was sent to Florence to teach humanities. There the change of air and the care of an exceptionally good doctor brought about a change for the better in his health. He taught the boys in the school as well as he could and introduced some questions from philosophy to gain a little prestige for himself. During the summer he taught astronomy and the treatise on the fixed stars. He gave two Latin sermons in the cathedral and wrote on the more important feast days some poems which were displayed at the entrance to the church. When winter was over, he began to preach on Sundays and on feast days after vespers. His superior wished him to do so even though he was only twenty-two years old, an unbearded youth, without sacred orders, without even the first tonsure. During his first sermon some pious woman spent the whole time on her knees praying. When she was asked why she had done this, she replied that, when she saw such a young fellow in the pulpit, she was afraid that he might lose his nerve and disgrace the Society. N. preached then, however, with greater confidence than he did later as an old man, for he was sure of his memory. At home, too, the superior desired him to give exhortations to the Brothers.

During the autumn that N. was at Florence, he traveled with Father Mark to Camaldoli, Vallombrosa and La Verna.[10] On the journey he preached in the villages and towns while Father Mark heard confessions. At Camaldoli they were received most graciously by the *Padre Maggiore* (as they call their General) and he entertained them for three days. On the third day he ordered N. to give a sermon practically without preparation to the priests of the place. He did so reluctantly, but those venerable Fathers listened attentively. Afterwards, though N. was but a young man, they wished to kiss his hand. He would not permit it. He remained but thirteen months at Florence. From there he was sent to Mondovi. One of the brethren accompanied him to the sea a little beyond Lucca. Alone he sailed to Genoa, thence to Savona, and finally traveling by land he came to Mondovi. On this journey he bore great trials of body and soul. In one

[10] LaVerna is the place where St. Francis of Asissi received the stigmata. It is also called Alverna.

hotel the landlady said that he was her son-in-law who had run off a long time before. In another place somebody said that N. had stolen his wallet during the night. But God was with him in his innocence. He firmly resolved, however, that if he ever had charge of a house of Ours, he would never send out the Fathers or Brothers, especially the younger ones, by themselves even if the cost was very great.

In the College of Mondovi he found that the list of lectures for the year had been made public. He was assigned to teach Demosthenes and Cicero and some other subjects. He knew practically no Greek beyond the alphabet. Accordingly he told his class that he wanted to begin with the fundamentals. He would teach them grammar first and then go on to Demosthenes. By dint of intense application, he learned each day the matter he was to teach to others. His efforts were so successful that in a short time he was able to teach Isocrates and then other authors. In the summer he taught the *Somnium Scipionis*, treating many philosophical and astronomical problems. Many professors of the University who were there at the time came to hear him. Against his will, in fact almost forced by superiors, he gave sermons at Pentecost in the cathedral on three successive days. Though he was certainly unworthy of the praise, the superior wrote to the Fathers in Rome that never had man spoken as this man.[11] He continued to preach almost every Sunday during the three years that he remained there. He also preached during Advent and at Christmas.

He happened, moreover, to read the sermons of Cornelius Musso, Bishop of Bitonto, and he began to imitate him and to write his sermons out completely. This meant, of course, that great efforts were required to recite them exactly. One Christmas after vespers he gave a carefully worked out sermon, the memorizing of which had taken several days. Then the canons of the church informed him that another sermon would have to be given early the next morning. He almost despaired of giving the sermon because he did not have even an hour to commit it to memory. But it was God's good pleasure that he preached more effectively, more fluently and more sincerely than ever before. The canons said: "Before, you gave the sermons; today an angel from heaven preached." From that

[11] John 7, 46.

time on he decided to omit all flowery expressions and to write only a Latin outline of his vernacular sermons. He kept to this practice, writing only his Latin sermons out in full.

Occupations at Mondovi

In the College of Mondovi N. was more or less jack of all trades. He taught in the school, read at table, gave sermons in the church, delivered exhortations to the Brothers. He accompanied the priests on call, did the porter's work while he was at meals. At times he even got the community up in the morning. When Father Adorno, the Provincial, heard him speaking, he said that it was not good for N. to put off his theological studies so long. So he ordered him to travel to Padua for theology so that after finishing the course he might devote himself exclusively to preaching. Before he left Mondovi something humorous happened. He accompanied Father Rector on a visit to the Dominicans. The Dominican Prior offered the Rector a drink. When the Rector declined, the Prior replied, "At any rate this little brother will be glad of a drink." He referred to N., but did not know his name. The next day the Prior came to the door while N. was taking the porter's place. He asked for the preacher. N. answered that the preacher could not come, but he would surely tell him whatever His Paternity ordered. "No," said the Prior, "I can't tell you what I want to say. Take me to the preacher or call him to me." "I have already told you," N. said, "that the preacher cannot come to you." He insisted and N. was forced to tell him that he was the person he was seeking and that he could not come because he was already there. The Prior recalled his derisive remark of the previous day and was embarrassed. He asked pardon quite humbly and requested that on Christmas before the sermon he should read a papal bull which contained indulgences that would be given to those who contributed alms to defray the expenses of a projected Dominican general chapter. N. promised that he would do so and kept his word.

In 1567 N. went to Padua to begin his theological studies. At that time the Scholastics had two professors. One taught at home. This was Father Charles Faraone of Sicily and his text was the *Pars Prima* of St. Thomas. The other, Friar Ambrose Barbaciari, a Dominican, taught the tract *De Legibus*

from the *Prima Secundae* publicly in the University. But because our Scholastics, N. among them, noticed that Friar Ambrose taught nothing except what is found in Dominic Soto in the first book of *De justitia et jure,* they quickly left him. While Father Charles was teaching *praedestinatio ex praevisis operibus,* N. put in his notes the doctrine of St. Augustine on *praedestinatio gratuita.* Scarcely two months of theology had gone by when N. was forced to speak in the college church, first before dinner, then after dinner. During carnival time he went to Venice and on Thursday of carnival week he gave a sermon to an audience of many nobles. They listened attentively as he discoursed against the dances and other excesses of these holidays. When he had finished, many noble senators wished to kiss his hand.

In May Father Provincial took N. to Genoa, when the provincial congregation was held, to defend certain propositions and to preach. For two days in the cathedral, he defended propositions taken from Aristotle's *Rhetoric, Logic, Physics, Metaphysics, Mathematics* and from all parts of the *Summa* of St. Thomas. When during the dispute he had a difference of opinion with Father Charles Faraone, the presiding official, Father Provincial, ordered Father Charles to be silent and to allow N. to speak for himself. After vespers on Sunday he also gave a sermon to a very large audience. He took practically the whole sermon from the discourse of St. Basil on the words of St. Paul, *"Attende tibi."*[12] He knew, indeed, that there were not many there who would recognize the theft from St. Basil.

At the end of the year Father General ordered him to Louvain to preach in Latin. He was also to finish his course in theology there. Because, however, at Padua he had begun an explanation of the Psalm *Qui habitat*[13] from the pulpit and had an eager audience, the Fathers of Padua did not wish to let him go. They told Father General that there was danger that N. could not bear the winter cold of the North and that that was also the doctor's opinion. But N. wrote to Father General that he was ready to go wherever obedience ordered him but had not gone because His Paternity had not com-

[12] I Tim. 4, 16: Take heed to thyself.

[13] Psalm 90.

manded him to go but commanded his immediate superior to send him. Father General waited for six months. During that time N. attended the lectures of Father John Ricasoli who was teaching some questions from *Pars Tertia* of St. Thomas. On feast days he continued giving lectures in the church on the Psalm *Qui habitat,* and he gave exhortations to the Brothers on Friday.

To Louvain

In the spring of 1569,[14] Father General wrote to N. to go to Milan. There he would join Father James, a Fleming, and go to Louvain. Since the journey was rumored to be extremely perilous because the soldiers of the Duke of Zweibrücken were crossing from Germany into France by the route that we would take, N. made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and with his whole heart offered his life to God and also whatever it pleased Him should befall him during this journey. Then, filled with sincere confidence, he went alone to Milan where he was joined by Father James and by Doctor William Allen, who afterwards was a cardinal. With them and two other Englishmen and an Irishman he traveled to Louvain. When he entered the College he said, "I was sent by Father General to remain for two years. I shall, however, remain for seven years." What spirit prompted him to say that, he does not know. It seemed to be something that just came to mind.

He began preaching in Latin on the feast of St. James, the Apostle.[15] Since it seemed untoward that he was not yet in holy orders and could not wear the stole, as all preachers there were accustomed to do, the Fathers at Louvain wrote to Father General on the matter. He had been putting off N.'s ordination so that he would not be forced to make the profession of the three vows according to the decree of Pius V.[16] He wrote N., however, to make the profession of the three vows and so receive orders. Later he could pro-

[14] Bellarmine writes here, "Apparente anno 1569" and elsewhere, "Nella primavera del 1569." Probably the style of the year was different from ours.

[15] July 25.

[16] In 1568 St. Pius V decreed that religious men must take their solemn vows before being ordained. The Jesuits were exempted from the law by Gregory XIII.

nounce the four vows. Because there was no bishop at Louvain or in the neighborhood, N. had to travel to Liége where on the ember days after Ash Wednesday he received the first tonsure, minor orders and the subdiaconate. From there he went to Ghent where he received the diaconate from Cornelius Jansenius on the Saturday before Passion Sunday,[17] and the priesthood on Holy Saturday. On Low Sunday 1570 at Louvain he sang his First Solemn Mass with deacon and subdeacon.

The same year at the beginning of October he was asked by the Fathers to teach scholastic theology. He consented although he had studied only some of the *Pars Prima* and *Pars Tertia* of St. Thomas. Putting his trust in God, however, he taught the whole of the *Pars Prima* for two years, then part of the *Prima Secundae* for a year, the *Secunda Secundae* for two years, and the beginning of the *Pars Tertia* the year after that. And so he preached the first six years and the seventh year he ceased to preach because of poor health. He taught the last six years. The first year therefore he only preached; the last year he only taught; the five intervening years he both preached and taught. During this time he also gave domestic exhortations and heard confessions. N. was the first to open the school of theology at Louvain. Up to that time the University had not permitted Ours to teach publicly. Moreover Michael Baius, in other respects an outstanding professor, was teaching opinions which seemed to lean towards the erroneous novelties of the Lutherans and were condemned by Pius V in 1570. Since N. noticed that there were many who favored these ideas, he began to refute them, not as opinions of Dr. Michael Baius, but as those of ancient or modern heretics.

Learning Hebrew

At that time N. thought that a knowledge of Hebrew would be extremely useful for understanding the Scripture and applied himself to learning the language. From a master of the language he learned the alphabet and some of the fundamentals of grammar and then composed a Hebrew grammar of his own, using an easier method than the rabbis usually applied and

[17] Uncle of Cornelius Jansenius, father of Jansenism, who was bishop of Ypres.

in a short time learned the Hebrew language, at least, as much as is needed by a theologian. He also started an academy in which with some of his companions he kept up the study of Hebrew and Greek. To show that his grammar was easier than others, he promised one of his students in theology who had absolutely no knowledge of Hebrew that, if he would study under his direction for eight days, N. would give him enough Hebrew so that with the aid of a dictionary he could understand Hebrew books on his own. And this he really did to show that the statement of St. Jerome about Blesilla that she had learned Hebrew within the space of a few, not months, but days, was not false.

In 1572 on the octave of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul[18] N. made the profession of the four vows. During that year many cities revolted against Philip II of Spain. When William of Orange came with a large army towards Louvain, practically all the religious departed. The city could not be easily defended, and the heretical Calvinists, of whom William's army was full, were particularly savage towards religious. Because the enemy advanced with greater rapidity than expected, the rector of the College ordered all to change their clothes and cut their hair so that the tonsure might not appear. He divided the little money that was in the College among them and sent them two by two to save themselves as best they could from the imminent peril. So for many days N. travelled on foot with a companion towards Artois. It was a weary time and filled with danger. In time he came to the city of Douay where, having avoided the war, he found a deadly plague raging. But from all these dangers God delivered them.

Once as night was coming on, N. was so tired that he could not possibly go further. And though it was extremely perilous, he had to stop by the road. But, lo and behold, a coach filled with people came hurrying along at top speed. They themselves were fleeing from the face of the enemy. They drew nearer and the coachman realized that N. could advance no further. He stopped the coach and most graciously accepted him as a passenger. His companion, who was stronger, ran ahead on foot until the outskirts of the city were reached. The coachman was a fine man, a good Catholic, and said that he formerly

[18] The octave occurred on July 6.

heard mass every day, but now, to spite the heretics, he tried to hear two masses daily and to help persecuted priests as best he could. For that reason, he said, he had gladly given him passage in his coach, for he had heard from his companion that N. was a priest, although wearing lay garb.

At the end of the autumn the Duke of Alba with the great army he had assembled put William of Orange to flight and recovered the lost cities in Hainaut and Brabant. So N. returned to Louvain to his former tasks of preaching and teaching. How numerous his hearers were can be concluded from this that when the sermon was finished and the hearers departed through different doors, two or three streets were filled with them. The citizens wondered whence so many people came. There were said to be several thousand in the audience. The College was some distance from the Church of St. Michael where he preached and as he was on the way there once N. was joined by an important gentleman who did not recognize him as the preacher because of his small stature. In the pulpit he seemed taller because he stood on a stool. And so word had gotten around that a tall young man had come from Italy to preach in Latin. Now this gentleman began to ask N. whether he knew the preacher, where he was from, and where he had studied. At the same time he praised him beyond the bounds of truth. When N. answered in such a way as not to let on who he was, the gentlemen said, "You're walking along too slowly. You'll pardon me if I hurry ahead to get a place." N. answered, "Do as you please, for I am sure that my place will not be taken."

About the effectiveness of the sermons, I can say only this, that as a result of a sermon given on All Souls day many people were moved to go to confession. Again in the case of a sermon given on the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, many were strengthened in their faith in the real presence of the Lord's body in the Eucharist, or even converted from error, as I was informed by people worthy of belief. Many other compliments were paid and as a result the Fathers of Louvain would not consent to his going when N. was earnestly claimed by Cardinal Borromeo,[19] who is now called St.

[19] St. Charles wanted Bellarmine to help staff a new Jesuit college he had founded at Milan.

Charles—and this although Father General had promised. The same was true when the Parisians sought him. But in 1576, when he was so ill that in the judgment of doctors he could not long survive, they wrote to Father General that they could not any longer without scruples of conscience keep him from a change of climate. The General wrote that they should send him immediately to Rome. This they did.

Return to Italy

When N. came down from Aosta and began to breathe the air of Italy, it was remarkable how great a change he felt in his body. His strength seemed to return, and he recovered from the various ills which afflicted him. His strength of body was such when he reached Rome that after a month or two, at his superiors' bidding he started to teach controversial theology in the Roman College. He had this assignment for eleven years. He also gave exhortations in the College and heard the confessions of the community. In 1584, if I remember rightly, N. began to publish books. First he published his Hebrew grammar. Then came three books *De translatione imperii Romani contra Illyricum.* Then the first volume of the *Controversies,* which afterwards was divided into two volumes because of its length, was published. After that came volume two, which subsequently became the third. At the same time some smaller works were published, which are among the *Opuscula.*

In 1589, when Cardinal Cajetan was sent to France because of the very serious political troubles in that Kingdom, N. was sent along with him by pope Sixtus V. In France N.'s name had begun to become famous because of his published *Controversies.* Many people wanted to see him, and they visited him frequently. On the journey His Eminence asked N. how long he thought the pope would live. He answered that the Pope would die that very year and repeated that opinion often at Paris when the cardinal claimed that the Pope would certainly live longer. When the cardinal with his entourage was at Dijon in Burgundy and was thinking of leaving to go to Paris, it was rumored that at a certain crossroads the Seigneur de Tavannes lay in ambush with a thousand knights. He intended to capture the cardinal, kill some of his party and

take others prisoner. But then another rumor arose that the whole tale was false and its purpose was to stop the journey of the cardinal. So since the cardinal could not get at the truth by human means, he celebrated mass when they were all ready to set out. Then he secretly put in the chalice two slips of paper. On one was written *Go*; on the other *Do not go*. He commended the matter to God, then drew one of the papers. It was the paper that said *Do not go*. Shortly afterwards he found out that the rumor about the ambush was true.

Besieged in Paris

At Paris we remained from January 20 until the beginning of September. During all that time we did practically nothing, but we suffered a great deal. On the twelfth of March the Duke of Mayenne fought a battle with King Henry of Navarre and the king won. Fear and trembling fell upon us. But the king did not wish to destroy and plunder such an important city as Paris. He preferred to take it by siege, rather than to break in by force. So he circled it with siege works. We were all without food and lived a miserable existence. A broth made from dog meat, cooked in a pot, sold for a high price. The ambassador of the king of Spain gave us a great gift when he presented us with a piece of his horse which he had killed for food. The only work N. did at Paris was to write a letter in the name of the cardinal to the French bishops urging them to avoid a schism. It was said that they intended to summon a national synod and in it create a patriarch independent of the Apostolic See. This was stopped.

It is a marvel how it got into the besieged city, but in September a letter was brought to the cardinal from Rome. There were varying opinions as to what was in the letter before the cardinal opened it. Almost everyone believed it portended evil because Sixtus was hostile to the cardinal and his secretary. He was even against Bellarmine himself because he found a statement in his books which denied that the Pope was directly master of the whole world. Then N. said that the letter contained notice of the pope Sixtus V's death. Everyone laughed at this because there had been no rumor about the pope's being sick. But N.'s statement turned out to be true and everyone was amazed.

On his return to Rome, N. became very seriously sick at Meaux because in that city a deadly dysentery was rampant, and those who contracted the disease avoided death with difficulty. N. began to suffer from the dysentery on the first night. In addition he had a very high fever, and was able to eat nothing, nor to rest. The cardinal stopped a whole day and took counsel with his advisers to find out what to do with N. Finally God inspired the cardinal with a good plan of action. N. would not be left there but would be taken with the cardinal by hook or by crook. The cardinal had his litter made ready and had N. placed in it. It was God's good pleasure that as N. left the city, he soon began to feel better. Within a week, while journeying lying down or sitting in the litter, he completely recovered. On this journey he passed through Basel but was not recognized. When people heard afterwards that N. had been there, it is said that many were disappointed because they had not been able to see him. Whether they wished to do him harm or to honor him, is uncertain. He reached Rome on the eleventh of November.

The Sixtine Bible

In 1591 Gregory XIV was pondering over what should be done with the Bible published by Sixtus V in which very many changes had been wrongly introduced. Some important men believed that the edition should be publicly banned. But in the pope's presence N. showed that the edition should not be banned, but that it should be corrected to save the good name of Sixtus, and that the corrected edition should be published. This could be accomplished if the obnoxious changes were removed as quickly as possible and the Bible issued under the name of Sixtus. A preface should be added in which it was stated that because of haste some errors on the part of the typesetters and others had crept in. So N. returned pope Sixtus good for evil. Sixtus, because of that statement about the pope's direct power over the whole world, had put his *Controversies* on the Index until the statement was corrected.[20] When he died, however, the Sacred Congregation of Rites im-

[20] The Index entry: "Roberti Bellarmini Disputationes de Controversiis Christianae fidei adversus huius temporis haereticos. Nisi prius ex superioribus regulis recognitae fuerint."

mediately ordered N.'s name deleted from the Index. Gregory liked N.'s idea and ordered a congregation formed to correct the Sixtine Bible quickly and to conform it to the ordinary Bibles, especially to the one published by Louvain. The business of revision was transacted at Zagarolo in the home of Cardinal Marcantonio Colonna. The cardinal himself was present as was the English Cardinal Allen and the Master of the Sacred Palace, N., and three or four others. After the deaths of Gregory and Innocent, Clement VIII published the revised Bible under the name of Sixtus V with a preface which N. himself composed.

In the autumn of 1591 N. went to Frascati to write the third volume of the *Controversies*. He finished the work in a few months and dedicated it to Clement VIII. In 1592 N. was made rector of the Roman College. To set the community an example of religious simplicity, he took some valuable desks from the rector's room and ordered them put in the sacristy to keep linens and other sacred objects. He also had paintings, called *quadri*, taken out and all other things that were not necessary. He wanted only what the rest of the community had. He did not finish his three years of office but was sent to Naples as provincial.[21] In that office he tried to instruct others by word and example and he visited the province twice.

He did not complete three years as provincial. On the death of Cardinal Toledo, indeed, he was recalled to Rome by pope Clement VIII in January, 1597. The pope wanted him to come to the papal palace to live. But he got permission through Cardinal Aldobrandini to live in the Penitentiary instead.[22] At the same time he was made consultor to the Holy Office. At that time the pope also began to send him petitions for marriage dispensations and some other such work. He, however, went rarely to the papal palace and only if it was most necessary. Concerning Clement himself there is an astonishing incident. In the first years of his pontificate there were many who surmised that he would die soon as his three predecessors had. N. said to Silvio Antoniano, "Clement will live for twelve years and twelve months," and repeated this often. During the

[21] In 1594.

[22] The Jesuits were in charge of hearing confessions at St. Peter's. The confessors lived in a house called the Penitenzieria.

last year he said frequently to his friends that the pope would die that year. He was neither an astrologer nor a prophet, but he spoke casually. At that time at the request of Cardinal Tarugi he wrote a brief catechism and another more elaborate one, both of which were subsequently printed and are in use in many places.

In 1598 the pope went to Ferrara and took N. with him who not only had the work of consultor to the Holy Office, but was also examiner of future bishops. He also dealt with the pope on Society business which had been entrusted to him by the Father General. Although N. did not live[23] in the College of the Society, the Pope nevertheless sent twenty-five scudi to the College every week on his account.

Created Cardinal

In 1599 on the Wednesday of the Lenten ember days[24] the Pope created N. cardinal. It was so unexpected that he could not possibly have foreseen it. But, because many people had suspected that it would happen, Father General two months previously had asked the pope through his *Maestro di Camera* whether he would grant permission for N. to be made rector of the Penitentiary. With the Pope's approval he became Rector of the Penitentiary. But the pope did this to conceal his real intention. Similarly some six months previously some friends said to the pope that N. was worthy of the Cardinalate. "Yes," the Pope answered, "he is indeed worthy but he is a Jesuit," thus giving a hint that he did not intend to elevate him. Afterwards in a consistory the pope declared him cardinal along with twelve others. Cardinal Aldobrandini at once sent Marquis Sannesio to tell him he had been made a cardinal and to order him solemnly in His Holiness' name not to leave the house for any reason. Then N. called together all the Fathers of the Penitentiary and asked their advice on his course of action. Father John Baptist Costa, the eldest, said that this was not a time for consultation, since he was already a cardinal, having been declared one in a consistory. There was no hope that the pope would accept any excuse, especially

[23] Döllinger and Reusch read *non degeret* where Le Bachelet reads *degeret.*

[24] March 3.

when he had expressly ordered him not to leave the house. The others agreed. Then N. sent Father Minister to Cardinal Aldobrandini to tell him that N. wanted to go to the pope to present his reasons for not being able to accept this dignity, but he did not dare to leave the house because of the prohibition given by him in the pope's name. Cardinal Aldobrandini answered that he could not allow N. to go to the pope, unless he should be summoned. The Pope did not wish to hear his reasons, but ordered him under obedience to accept this dignity. When he was called upon to accept the red hat, he tried to present his excuses, but the pope at once interrupted, saying, "In virtue of holy obedience and under the pain of mortal sin, I order you to accept the dignity of the cardinalate."

Life as Cardinal

As cardinal he decided not to change his manner of life with regard to the plainness of his table, his prayer, meditation, daily mass, and all other laws or customs of the Society. Further, he resolved not to build up a fortune nor to enrich his relatives, but to give to churches and to the poor whatever remained of his revenues. Finally, he would not seek further revenues from the pope nor accept the gifts of heads of state. He kept all these resolutions.

In 1602, since the see of Capua was vacant, the pope gave it to N. The pope himself consecrated him on the second Sunday after Easter, the one on which the gospel *Ego sum bonus pastor* is read. Two days later the pope gave him the archiepiscopal pallium. On the following day he left the papal palace and shut himself up in the Roman College for four days to escape visitors. On Friday he gave a sermon to the community. Soon afterwards he left to take up residence in his see. Many, the pope himself among them, were surprised at this hurried exit from Rome. As a rule officials of the curia can only with difficulty be separated from it. Another Cardinal who was consecrated with N. to be archbishop of Bari put off his departure until the end of October.

N. arrived at his see of Capua on May 1. Shortly after his solemn entrance and after singing a solemn high Mass, he ascended the pulpit on the feast of the Ascension and began preaching. During the first year he spent several thousand

gold pieces on the renovation of the cathedral and the bishop's palace. He had a list made of poor families and sent a fixed sum of money to them each month. He assigned monthly contributions to various charities. This was in addition to what was distributed every day at his door and in addition to extraordinary alms. During the three years that he resided at Capua he visited the whole diocese three times. He held three diocesan synods and one provincial council; the last one had been held eighteen years previously. There was a custom of having no sermon in the cathedral except on the four Sundays of Advent and during Lent. He began to preach also at Christmas and on almost every Sunday of the year. He preached not only in the city, but also in the country during the time of his visitations. Of course, he could not be both in the city and the country at the same time. Therefore, when he was in the city, he sent two Jesuits to take care of the country districts and gave them ten gold pieces a month so they would be no burden to the farmers. When he visited the villages, the Fathers remained in the city, preaching and hearing confessions.

While he was in one of the larger country villages, he wrote an explanation of the creed in Italian and had it printed so that parish priests who did not know how to preach might read the explanation of an article after the gospel, especially if it fitted in with a particular feast day. He absolutely banned the custom by which the canons and the parish priests had to give the archibishop a rather expensive gift on his anniversary. He did this as well to spare poor canons and poor priests as to bring it about that the rich among them should gain greater merit by giving to the poor rather than to the archbishop who did not need it. He often meditated on and preached to others of the words of Isaias, *"Beatus vir qui excutit manus ab omni munere."*[25] He attended the divine office with the canons on feast days—for the archbishop of Capua was also a canon and received rather substantial revenue for it—not only for mass and vespers, but also for matins and lauds. On ferial days he was present at least at the morning office. He did this to keep his canons at their duty and to train them to sing the psalms slowly and solemnly. It was also his purpose by this practice to

[25] Isaias 33, 15: Blessed is he that shaketh his hands from all bribes.

obtain alms which he gave entirely to the poor. He used to say that these were the only alms that could properly be called his, for he earned them by his own labor. All other alms came from the church, not from him.

From the very beginning he predicted that he would spend only three years as head of that church. With great diligence he got together the names of his predecessors from St. Priscus, a disciple of St. Peter the Apostle, up to his own time. He placed the names of all his predecessors in a catalogue. Of his immediate predecessor he wrote: "Caesar Costa ruled for thirty years." Below this entry he added: "N. ruled for three years." And that is exactly the way it turned out. After three years Clement VIII died, and his successor, Paul V, was unwilling to allow N. to return to Capua. So he was forced to give up the church. Moreover he read the lives of saintly bishops which he had collected from Surius. He felt that this kind of reading was very beneficial. He was loved by his people and he loved his people. The government officials never caused him any inconvenience because they looked upon him as a servant of God.

Conclaves

In the conclave that elected Leo XI, and again in the one that elected Paul V, he remained as much as possible in his cell, or he would walk in a deserted spot, saying his Rosary or reading a book; privately in his prayers he said to the Lord, *"Mitte quem missurus es,"*[26] and "From the papacy deliver me, O Lord." In the second conclave he came close to being elected pope. When a very influential gentleman promised his good offices, he begged him to desist. He did not even thank him and told him, "If becoming pope depended on my stooping over to pick up a straw from the ground, I would not do it." He bore no ill will towards those who opposed his candidacy, nor was he disturbed by it. He gave his judgment of the papacy as a most onerous and most perilous task. In the time of Paul V he spent some money on the renovation of his title church.[27] Likewise he gave a perpetual revenue (of fifty scudi) to the Society's college at Montepulciano.

[26] Exodus 4, 13: Send whom thou wilt send.

[27] A few words are missing in the text here.

He wished to resign an abbey at Capua with its revenue of more than a thousand scudi to the college of Capua, but the pope refused to allow it. He brought it about, however, that the church, house, and gardens of the abbey were turned over to the college. At that time he published a commentary on the psalms,[28] two books (three in the Italian edition) against the theologians at Venice,[29] likewise a book of apologetics against the king of England,[30] a book refuting William Barclay,[31] a book refuting Roger Widdrington,[32] and a book on the ecclesiastical writers which included a chronology.[33]

He was a member of many congregations of cardinals, namely, the Holy Office, the Index, Sacred Rites, the Consistory, the Sacred Penitentiary, Propaganda Fidei, The Congregation for Germany and Hungary. He was Protector of the Celestine Order, of the Convent of St. Martha, and the German College. In the absence of Cardinal Aldobrandini he was vice-protector of the Oratory of St. Jerome and the *Convertitae*.[34] He has now reached his seventy-first year and, every year, preferably in September, he goes on retreat, and gives his time to prayer and silence, putting aside all other occupations so that he may wipe off as best he can the dust that clings to him from his various occupations, and that he may prepare to render God an account of his stewardship. Pray for him.

N. wrote this at the request of a friend and fellow Jesuit in June, 1613. Of his virtues he said nothing for he does not know whether he truly possesses any; and of his faults he has said nothing, for they are not the sort of thing to be put in print, and may they be found to be blotted out of the book of God on the day of judgment. Amen.

[28] *In Omnes Psalmos Explanatio.*

[29] Venice was at this time in rebellion against Papal jurisdiction. Bellarmine's works were in the form of replies to Giovanni Marsilio and Paolo Sarpi.

[30] The king was James I. Bellarmine's book was titled, *Apologia Roberti Bellarmini, S.R.E. Cardinalis, pro responsione sua ad Librum Jacobi, Magnae Britanniae Regis.*

[31] *De Potestate summi Pontificis in rebus temporalibus.*

[32] Called simply *Examen.*

[33] *De scriptoribus ecclesiasticis liber unus.*

[34] A group of penitent women who, under religious supervision, were trying to reform their lives.

Additional Notes[35]

N. is convinced that it was very profitable for him in his studies to have been forced to teach subjects he had not mastered. Another gift of God which helped greatly was the ease with which he could grasp and explain all subjects. For he was forced to teach Greek literature, the principles of rhetoric, and scholastic theology. While still a very young man, he had to preach in churches and give exhortations to the Brothers. He was forced to learn Greek and Hebrew, to read almost all the Fathers, and historians, and many scholastic doctors, and the Councils or a summary of them, as well as almost the whole corpus of canon law. Although he lived in various colleges where there was no one to consult, he did not have much difficulty in understanding what he read.

He was sent to Naples to edit the works of Father Salmeron.[36] He remained in the city about five months from May to October. In that time he read through the huge volumes written by that Father. Daily he brought to the Father's attention errors which he found arising from incorrect citation of authors, spurious tales, novel opinions, wrongly interpreted scriptural passages, and from fallacious philosophical or theological doctrines. Although the Father, when he first heard the corrections, was angry and tried to defend his work, nevertheless on the next day, when his good temper was restored, he would correct his mistakes. In my opinion this revision of his work was a great profit for him.

During a controversy in Belgium between Father Leonard Lessius and the faculty of Louvain, he worked very hard to reconcile Cardinal Madruzzi[37] with the theologians of the Society. He wrote a short work for him in which he proved that the doctrine of the Society agreed with that of former Louvain professors, Tapper, Tiletanus, and others, and that the present professors of Louvain did not explain the doctrine of our theologians properly.[38]

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[35] The addition here is the result of Father Vitelleschi's request for further information. (Döllinger and Reusch, *op. cit.*, p. 1.)

[36] Bellarmine went to Naples in 1579. The works of Father Salmeron were commentaries on the New Testament.

[37] Cardinal prefect of the Inquisition.

[38] This is the beginning of the controversy on grace explained more

Molinism

On the book of Molina, *Concordia*,[39] N. was the first to warn Father General, before any controversy arose on the matter, that there were many statements in the book that were suspect, pointing out the passages in writing. Father General sent them to Spain, and a new edition of Father Molina was published in which he endeavored to soften his assertions and said that he was speaking for the sake of argument and not apodictically. When afterwards a controversy arose he was ordered by pope Clement to state his opinion on the censure made by the Dominicans Fathers. He wrote a simple work in which he showed what was the point at issue in the whole controversy and that the opinion of the Dominicans was more dangerous than that of Father Molina. At the beginning the pope was extraordinarily pleased with the work. N. also wrote two other short works to answer the objections and charges of the adversaries. These did not displease the pope. When, after N. had become a Cardinal, he was at Frascati in the company of the pope and the conversation turned on the subject, the pontiff called the position of the Society "our position," that is, his and the Society's. Later, however, he changed his mind completely. While N. was in Rome he would not allow the matter to be debated openly, for fear N. would be present. But after N.'s departure he wanted it debated before the cardinals of the Holy Office. N., himself, often warned the pope to take care lest he be deceived, and not to think that he could arrive at a solution of such an intricate problem by his own study, since he was not a theologian. N. openly predicted that His Holiness would not define the matter. When the Pope answered that he intended to define it, N. responded. "Your Holiness will not define it." He made the same prediction to Cardinal del Monte who afterwards reminded N., himself, of this prediction.

He had a disagreement with Cardinal Baronius in one of congregations concerned with the reform of the breviary.[40] The point under discussion was whether the martydrom of St. Andrew was really written by the priests of Achaia. Baronius

fully in the next paragraph.

[39] Published in 1588.

[40] In 1592.

denied it, but, when he heard N.'s opinion and reasons, he said publicly that he had lost the argument and that he preferred N.'s opinion to his own.[41]

Beatification of Ignatius Loyola

N. did much for the beatification of Blessed Ignatius. He was the first who brought to Cardinal Gesualdo, the Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, a memorial of the general congregation in which he himself had taken part and so the cause of canonization was introduced. After this he gave the first exhortation in the church of the *Domus Professa* in praise of Blessed Ignatius. Cardinal Baronius was present as N. addressed the community. When the exhortation was over, Cardinal Baronius asked for a picture of Blessed Igantius and climbed a ladder in order to put it over the crypt of our Blessed Father. From that day the tomb began to be honored and much visited. Afterwards, when the time seemed propitious to seek beatification, N. advised Father General of the fact. Father General took great care that the Father Procurator get ready with all speed all that was required. Very quickly the affair was brought to a successful close. If this had not been done at that time, and if N. had not pressed all the Cardinals of the congregation and had not developed his opinion at length God knows when the beatification would have been obtained.[42]

In company with Cardinal d'Ascoli and Cardinal Pamfili he informed Pope Paul V that Aloysius Gonzaga merited beatification. Before this time, when the body of Aloysius was about to be buried, N. brought it about that Father General's permission was asked to have the body placed in a wooden coffin and separated from the other bodies. This was so the body could be recognized if Aloysius was someday canonized.[43] Afterwards N. was a witness for the process of his canonization, and with the other cardinals of the congregation he dispatched the remissorial letters.[44] While the process of

[41] It is now certain that Baronius was right and Bellarmine wrong on this point.

[42] Ignatius was beatified in 1609.

[43] During 1588-1591, while Bellarmine was spiritual father of the Roman College, he directed St. Aloysius.

[44] These authorize bishops to start by Apostolic authority the inquiry with regard to the reputation for sanctity and miracles of the person to be canonized.

beatification was going on, N. was first to testify to the innocence, austerity of life, and miracles of Aloysius. He concluded that saints are called saints either because of their innocence, or because they had done penance. Therefore, Blessed Aloysius could, like St. John the Baptist, be beatified under both titles. All the cardinals accepted this opinion. A decree was issued which the supreme pontiff did not confirm. Why he did not, N. does not know.

Chaplain at Tagaste and the Kasserine Pass

L. B. Kines, S.J.

In May of 1941 I received word from my superiors that I was to make application to become a chaplain in the armed services of the United States. My first try ended in failure when the Navy Department, because of my faulty vision, turned me down. I was then advised to apply to the Army. The necessary formalities were accomplished by September 5th. I was sworn into active service with a serial number reading 0-425972.

The first assignment was with the Quartermaster Corps at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Further posts included Fort Myer, Virginia, Fort Eustis, Virginia and, finally, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Here I was assigned to the artillery induction center consisting of thirteen battalions of inductees. My transfer to the 39th Infantry, 9th Division was quite by accident. The Catholic chaplain was rejected for overseas duty because he did not pass the physical examination. I reported to the commanding officer, Col. B. F. Caffey, Jr., U.S.A., in early May. Until we left Fort Bragg for overseas three months were taken up by amphibious maneuvers with the Marine Corps at Cherry Point, North Carolina, and with the Navy off Solomons Island, Maryland. In early September 1942 we were alerted for duty abroad and after a few days in the

staging area at Fort Dix, New Jersey, we arrived at Hoboken, New Jersey.

The following pages are taken from the diary I kept while overseas and for the most part are taken directly as written at the time of the events.

September 25th, 1942. Climbed aboard the *Leedstown,* formerly the *Santa Lucia* of the Grace Line at approximately 8:30 P.M., somewhere along the Atlantic seaboard (actually Hoboken). The proverbial sardine can, or a New York subway during rush hours, looked like the open spaces of the Texas Panhandle compared to the *Leedstown* as we pushed and elbowed our way across deck, down the ladders to what were in the plush civilian days called Staterooms A Deck. Fifteen officers were assigned to this cubicle and after we just about had settled ourselves a foghorn-voiced billeting officer shouted: "All right, gentlemen, double up, there are about 200 more officers still to be bunked." No umpire at Ebbets Field, who called Babe Herman out for going to second base already occupied, ever received the hoots and catcalls administered to this unlucky chap—but to no avail—double up we did. How? Don't ask please!

September 26th, 1942. Our first day at sea. There was a tense air of expectancy among the soldiers and under the most trying circumstances they behaved well. Since with 3,000 aboard it was possible to feed each man only twice a day, the meals began at 4 A.M. and lasted till 11 P.M.—the chow line being like Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry, always on the move. The weather was mild and foggy. The convoy now forming outside the Narrows looks majestic, consisting of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and subs. The questions getting the $64,000 answers varied deck by deck, v.g., A deck says Martinique, B deck Australia, C deck Norway, and as you hit bottom deck it could be anywhere. But each and all knew we were sailing away from Main Street, Fifth Avenue, Boylston Street, Charles Street and Broad Street for a long time and that some would not be coming back. Already, perhaps, some unknown Western Union operator was typing out the bleak and sombre message beginning "We regret to inform you." The even more important question than *where* was *why.* We

Americans are by temperament naturally restless and impatient and even if we knew where we were going it seemed that they ought to have told us why.

I found the partial answer from a G.I. at El Guettar—but that was a long way off.

Sept. 27th, 1942. The first Mass aboard ship was said in the Grand Ballroom about 11:40 A.M. and attended by about 350 men, most of whom received Holy Communion after a general absolution. Never in my life have I felt so happy with the troops. One could perceive from the deep sincerity of their devotion and demeanor that though frightened by what may lie ahead the majority realized each in his own way that the time had come to stop playing games, for very shortly the stark hand of battle would separate the men from the boys. Maybe it was my imagination, but the Majesty of God Eternal seemed portrayed in the blue ocean reflecting the azure sky, while a deadly enemy lurked beneath those peaceful waters bent on stopping our crusade. Certainly the moment had done something to the rollicking, carefree G.I.'s. Probably not a one of them could have given five solid reasons why we were going where, but the offering of the Eternal Sacrifice was a solid link to a common past, and a pledge of continuity between that past and the problematic future. Could it be that we were returning to the lands of our ancestors there to bring to other men of the same blood, tongue and religion those priceless intangibles we take for granted?

A mess table served for the altar. The ageless words of the Mass were mingled with hushed orders "not to burn the bacon, take it easy with the beans." Here within the same walls men were waiting for heavenly and earthly bread. I did not have to urge attendance, the problem was finding space. And what a congregation! Many, many strange faces looked up to receive the Eucharistic Lord. Faces I had never seen in the chapel at Fort Bragg. Was this a sudden revival of faith? Probably more like the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. There was a new emphasis in the *Memorare* recited after Mass. "Never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection was left unaided." And whatever was lacking in harmony in the rendition of "Holy God we praise Thy name" was supplied by intensity.

It is so easy to sit in the state room and write this entry. Maybe nobody was any different than when we embarked. But who knows? It surely seemed different to me.

Sept. 30th, 1942. First submarine scare, off Newfoundland. The day was cold and cloudy and the Atlantic had changed her Alice blue gown for a dull, drab, dreary shroud of gray. Universal confusion at the first notice that our lives are in danger. The gnawing pangs of fear were most evident because of a little note via the loud-speaker to go fully clothed overboard, and even then the life span in the icy Atlantic might be less than ten minutes. Orders were stuttered rather than barked. And then, as would happen a thousand times, the American sense of humor came to the fore. Later on, it would be a stumbling block to the English and utter chaos to the Germans. From nowhere came a voice loudly insisting "Take it easy boys! I'll take it straight with a little soda and no ice!" Again: "Has anyone an extra bar of soap? I'm saving mine for the Eskimos." We never found out whether it was really a submarine or an iceberg.

Oct. 4th, 1942. Mass at 11:30 A.M. Attendance over four hundred with one hundred twenty-five receiving Holy Communion. This Holy Sacrifice was given an extra touch when one of the colored lads from an engineer battalion sang Schubert's "Ave Maria." Everyone was deeply moved both by his cultured voice and the pathos he put into this lovely aria. When we landed in Belfast these Negro troops were the first to disembark and the North Irish thought that they were Indians.

A further note was that they were the victims of the old army game *snafu*—situation normal, all fouled up. Somebody in Washington had typed their orders to read "Ireland" when actually it should have read "New Ireland." And so they were reloaded on the same transport and headed for the Far East. Here I might as well add that the old struggle between North and South would erupt regularly. All one had to do was to call into question the generalship of Robert E. Lee or U. S. Grant and the debate was on. It seemed so strange since neither the leader of the Blue or Gray hosts of long ago could answer the roll call!

During the passage across the North Atlantic we were subjected to various alerts. One in particular caused a near panic.

Off Iceland the wireless flashed the alert signal and there was a call to general quarters. The open decks were crowded and the icy blasts chilled us to the marrow. There was reason to fear that the battleship *Tirpitz,* the pride of Hitler's navy, had broken the blockade in Norway and was on the loose accompanied by the *Scheer* and a covey of destroyers. And so we stood literally frozen to the spot for hours on end. I recited the rosary over and over again and many a strange intonation went into the refrain "now and at the hour of our death, Amen." It turned out to be a false alarm. It seems some British patrol planes (Lancasters) had mistaken an ice floe for the German Navy.

Oct. 6th, 1942. At long last this morning we sighted land, the northern tip of the Emerald Isle and—believe it or not—even the water was green! We followed the coast all day and docked in the Belfast Estuary about 5:00 P.M.

Oct. 7th, 1942. Troops began debarking at 10 A.M. with the minimum amount of fuss. As our battalion came down the gang-plank, a tall quiet unassuming general received our salutes and he looked mighty pleased as we marched by amid the applause (slightly broguish) of the Irish dockhands. It was General Mark Clark, later Commander of the Fifth Army during the Italian Campaign. The dock area in Belfast brought home to us for the first time the stark reality that war is a grim game. Block after block of warehouses, dwellings, places of business, were either leveled or stared at us with gaping eyes through empty windows. Children tagged along, doing their best to keep in step, all of them giving with their tiny hands the V for victory sign. They looked a bit worse for the wear and tear of blackouts, short rations and bombing raids. At the King's railway station some local canteen unit supplied us with the inevitable cup of tea and very tasty sandwiches.

We entrained for Templepatrick, a legendary burial place of St. Patrick, now mostly in ruins. The ride through the peaceful green countryside was really a tonic. Lush fields of emerald green in which were feeding large herds of cattle and sheep, broken at intervals by sleepy villages at whose stations crowds had gathered to welcome us. In our battalion were many descendants of the Scotch-Irish ancestry from Tennessee,

Kentucky, and North Carolina, whose forebears had left these very hills and dales to find a new home in a new land. Our unit under the command of Major Ferrar Griggs of Scottish ancestry was billeted at Lochinvar, the home of the Adair Clan. We were housed in Nissen huts throughout the castle grounds.

Oct. 10th, 1942. The Lord of Adair had a reception at the castle for the officers of the battalion. It was quite formal with a receiving line, introductions and all the hauteur of the old world. Both host and hostess, Lady Adair, were most gracious and his Lordship reminded me that when I said Mass in one of the huts for our troops and those, as he put it, "in service of the lord's household," it was to his best knowledge the first time the Mass had been said there since the days of Elizabeth I. The reception passed off without incident, and I climaxed the visit with a trip to the local church, the floor of which was paved with the tombstones of crusaders and among the tattered rags adorning the walls was a flag which Lord Adair told me had been flown at Agincourt. We also talked of Valley Forge!

Three incidents in Belfast were entered in the diary as being somewhat unusual. Belfast was our first experience of a city totally blacked out. One evening just at dusk while waiting for a bus to carry me to King's Station, I was accosted by a big burly Irishman who literally lifted me off my feet, and without so much as an introduction said, "You damned Yankee go home. We don't want the likes of you around here helping the bloody English." The pedestrians in the vicinity did nothing to relieve the situation and to say I was frightened is the understatement of a lifetime. He finally put me down and after drawing out the rosary from my pocket, I convinced him I was a Catholic and a priest. A swift change took place in both his attitude and voice and he kissed my hands and asked for my blessing, which was only too gladly given; with it he hurried into the darkness. Later I talked with the parish priest in Antrim and gathered from his shrewd remarks that the Irish Republican Army was very active in the North and was quick to use the presence of the American troops to embarrass the British authorities.

Oct. 12th, 1942. Doctor Kohlmoos of California, our battalion surgeon and I found great difficulty in locating a restaurant. The city was on short rations and the presence of so many thousand American soldiers made dining a difficult project. Lines were formed at all the eating places in the downtown sections of Belfast. In front of the Grand Hotel I spotted a priest and, as he greeted us with a hearty laugh, I figured our troubles were over. He invited us to his rectory, but we declined knowing that two hungry G.I.'s would put quite a strain on his larder. He then directed us to the Ulster Sport Club, but I failed to hear the word "sport." Following what we thought were the good Father's directions, we arrived in front of a brownstone building much like the ones around Mt. Vernon Place in Baltimore. Our ringing of the door bell summoned what looked like a character out of *Punch*—quite, quite British. On explaining the purpose of our visit, stressing the food angle, we were coldly informed that "this is no beanery." A friendlier voice from within the hallway however, bade us enter and soon over a Scotch and soda we were being regaled with a salty trip through the Empire—"You know, old chap, Hongkong, Burma and all that sort of rot." Our host wanted to know to what branch of the service we were attached and when he found out that he was entertaining a priest, and a Jesuit! he nearly fainted. We were informed that we were within the precincts of the Ulstermen's Club, the boys who wear the Orange, not the Princeton brand, and we beat a hasty retreat much like their forebears at Bunker Hill.

We finally found the Ulster Sport Club—a most delightful establishment totally Catholic and even more totally, if that is possible, Irish. Where it came from we will never know, but Doc and I were treated to a steak dinner with all the trimmings. For music we were entertained by a lad of twelve with the voice of a thrush who ran the gamut of Irish folk songs as he heartily partook of the meal with us, absolutely refusing to take any money. He made his living by singing in the local pubs after having been orphaned and left homeless through a bombing raid. For a backdrop to this quaint setting we had the click of billard balls, the crash of tenpins mingled with some harmonies of the barbershop quartette variety.

We topped off this gala day by attending the local opera

house to see the Belfast players in a farce called "Sweet Aloes." At times we felt like laughter when the rest of the audience was wrapped in solemn silence. The play was a biting satire on Americans of the Park Avenue variety, done rather cleverly. But we are still wondering what finally stirred the audience to laughter when we ourselves sat solemn as owls. One can only suppose that English and Americans will never find a common medium when it comes to humor.

The parish priest in Antrim took me on a tour of the many interesting spots around the local countryside. One was a hill not far from the Adair estate where local tradition says the Apostle of Ireland had a colloquy with the Druids. The Irish climb the hill on their knees to a small chapel dedicated to Saint Patrick which crowns its eminence. Some stones lying about are said to have been the altars of the Druids. Just outside of Antrim we visited the ruins of a medieval abbey which had been destroyed during the Cromwellian period. In Antrim itself the local church of the presbytery was pockmarked with rifle and cannon shots fired during an uprising in, I believe, 1795.

Oct. 15th, 1942. We shipped out of Belfast and crossed the Irish Sea anchoring in Loch Fynne, Scotland. The town was Inveraray, ancestral home of the Campbell Clan after whom the lilting Scottish song "The Campbells are Coming" was named. The castle crowning a sizeable hill is the home of the Duke of Argyll, the premier duke of the Scots. We anchored in the harbor, and the ship would house us during the maneuvers. To an already crowded vessel were added willy-nilly three hundred fifty of Lord Louis Mountbatten's commandos, plus more than a handful of sundry Royal Air Force personnel. During the lineup for mess the first morning after anchoring a British commando sergeant, not knowing the American way of life, betook himself to the head of the line. But he suddenly found himself in a sitting position at the bottom of the stairs amid a chorus of "Sarge, the end of this line begins on E deck." However, the British noncoms quickly caught on and before long a spirit of camaraderie was evident among the enlisted men. It took somewhat longer for the same to appear among the officers, due, I believe, to the caste consciousness of the English officers.

Oct. 19th, 1942. Our regiment had a twenty mile hike this evening out of Inveraray toward Loch Lomond. As we came off the landing barges a rather unobtrusive officer stood watching the operation. One of our lieutenants called his platoon to attention and reported his presence. Then the lieutenant stood at ease. Suddenly the unassuming officer barked: "Lieutenant, were you not told not to identify yourself or your unit in this operation?" "Yes, Sir," came the reply from the hapless lieutenant now sharply snapped to attention. "Well, have you forgotten your orders so soon? To help you remember them in the future you will consider yourself confined to quarters on shipboard for seven days." The voice was that of General Eisenhower. We saw him again at Souk-Ahras and near Mateur, and felt then that here was a leader who would not fail. There was about him none of the professional hauteur, but something of a sterner quality, a marked earnestness as of intense concentration upon a grave and solemn purpose. Reviewing the troops he gave the impression that each and every G.I. was as important to him as if he were his own son, yet he clearly and sharply meant to imply that his army would be a disciplined one. And in later conversation with him he voiced his view that when we finally met the enemy it would not be enough to be "a rabble in arms."

Oct. 21st, 1942. Even war can have its humorous side. Today we practiced a landing operation with the opposition furnished by a regiment of the Black Watch. Whatever affection the heather and the gloaming had instilled in us was lost that night on the black highlands in a damp chilliness that defied description or insulation. I had on long underwear, woolen uniform, a field jacket, an Army greatcoat over which I had dropped a poncho—and felt much like an Eskimo wearing Bermuda shorts. The Battalion Headquarters Company, plus the attached medics established their command post on a hilltop which, it seemed, might substitute for the North Pole. About midnight Lieutenant Milstine of the Fifteenth Engineers and myself—just to keep from freezing alive—decided to take a walk through the heather. We chanced upon a country lane. After about a half hour the inky blackness was pierced by two blue headlights of a staff car. We commanded it to halt and, according to the instructions we had received prior to Opera-

tion Black Watch, sternly informed the occupants to get out. A stream of burrs punctuated with remarks concerning the studipity of Americans in general and of these two in particular got them nowhere. We then pronounced them under arrest (the Black Watch were acting as Germans for the operation) and at this point all of Scotland went up in smoke. For the prisoner was none other than the Colonel of the Black Watch and an umpire of the operation to boot. Luckily for Milstine and myself the Colonel saw the humor of it and we quickly escaped to the medics' lean-to.

During our week at Inveraray we had a guided tour through the castle of Argyll, on which occasion some of the boys, hungry for souvenirs, made off with crusaders' shields and the gate knocker much to our Colonel's chagrin. Next we headed for Glasgow. Here the convoy began to take shape and with it the flood of rumors. Where to now? Norway? Normandy? Malta? Nobody even so much as mentioned French North Africa.

Oct. 28th, 1942. Left the Glasgow anchorage yesterday. Very seasick. Ocean rough. Weather cold and very foggy.

The news of our destination was made public today—Algiers, French North Africa: key objective for the 39th Combat Team, the airport at Maison Blanche; for the 3rd Battalion, the beach near Ain Taya, by land to the town, Jean Bart and Fort de l'Eau and then to the airport. Other landings to take place at Oran and Casablanca. We are supposed to slam the back door on Rommel.

Nov. 1st, 1942. All Saints. Mass in the mess hall packed to the doors. All received Holy Communion. Today I had a rather lively encounter with a Church of England chaplain. I had informed Chaplain Cunningham of the British Commandos that he was expected to conduct the general Protestant service following my Mass. Quite frankly he informed me that he was a Catholic adhering to the branch theory, i.e., Roman, Greek and Anglican, and that the only service he would perform would be Holy Mass in the wardroom. No proofs from Trent, Denzinger or Leo XIII could move him to comply and forced me to appeal to the civil arm, namely the Captain of the *Leedstown,* a Scot Catholic named Cooke, who quietly but

firmly apprised the irate Englishman that Americans thought him to be a Protestant and asked that this time at least he would act like one. He did on one condition: that I preach the sermon. So the ceremony was conducted by an Anglican, the sermon was preached by a Jesuit and the music was supplied by the Baptists. *O tempora! O mores!*

Nov. 6th, 1942. Passed Gibraltar at midnight. Opposite on the African side of the Mediterranean was Tangier all aglow. At daybreak we moved into column formation and stayed within sight of the Spanish coast as we headed north. The German radio, most probably broadcasting from Sicily, had us headed toward Marseilles. The weather was mild and the sea as smooth and as green as the top of a billiard table. I celebrated Mass at 2 P.M. with over three hundred receiving Holy Communion. After supper we assembled in Major Griggs' stateroom, and I blessed the colors which would be carried ashore by the companies of the battalion. After this we all knelt and prayed that the Lord God of hosts would vouchsafe to bless our endeavour to make men free.

Nov. 7th, 1942. Today we had our first taste of the oncoming maelstrom. Just as a plane flying very low and blinking its lights in friendly fashion passed over us on the *Leedstown*, the leadship in the convoy, and the *Thomas Stone* carrying the 2nd Battalion of the Combat Team, there was a devastating explosion, disabling the *Stone*, forcing it out of the convoy line, protected now by a pair of destroyers. It was afterwards learned that the *Stone* was hit by a torpedo from a U-boat, not by a bomb from the plane. This caused a change of plans, and in addition to earlier assignments, we were given the task of the 2nd Battalion, namely a frontal assault on Maison Carrée, a town a few miles east of Algiers overlooking the bay. No further action during the day with the German radio blaring that "Most probably the American convoy was headed for Malta or Alexandria, Egypt, to reinforce Montgomery's Eighth Army."

Passed the city of Algiers about 7:30 P.M., the sparkling lights of the city gleaming like some fairyland vista over the waters of the Mediterranean. At midnight we doubled back toward the city and rendezvoused opposite Ain Taya. Orders

were now given to begin the landings. The Higgins boats were lowered, and the soldiers began Operation Torch. Algiers was suddenly blacked out and the coastal batteries using searchlights began pounding the convoy. As we stood on A deck of the *Leedstown* awaiting our turn to enter the landing craft, I could not believe that these coastal guns would not send us to the bottom. Whether or not the French were merely making a token resistance, I do not know, but few, if any of the ships, were hit by the shelling. The disembarking was carried out with little or no confusion, the major difficulty was that the sea was running heavy, causing our frail craft to bob and weave like corks on the swells. Dr. Kohlmoos, his medics and myself were assigned to a boat in the second wave, headed for "Beach Blue." The others were designated "Red" and "Green."

After what seemed an endless merry-go-round, the flare signalling the approach went aloft and we headed toward the shore. However, the pilot who was making his first try, completely lost his sense of direction and we found ourselves far beyond the convoy headed for France! A short blast on the foghorn of a destroyer corrected our mistake and we finally joined the group and landed safely in a pea-soup fog, which was a blessing as we would have been an excellent target for any enemy force hidden behind the sand dunes. We were informed later that this was the first fog to enshroud this coastline in almost five years. Perhaps it was some kind of smoke screen. In the meantime the French coastal batteries were now directing their fire to the beaches but did little harm. Actually, the landing was quite anticlimactic. The beach, some one hundred yards wide, was of gray sand fringed with tall grass and rising into a series of dunes. From the ship off shore came voices speaking in French urging the natives and French not to resist the landing, because we were coming to free them from the Nazis; we really were just paying our debt to Lafayette and the boys who did us a good turn at Yorktown. During lulls, the stirring and martial *Marseillaise* was played. But Africa seemed to be peacefully unaware of the whole thing. The only sign of life was an old Arab with his dog silently slipping through the waving grass like a gray ghost, stealthily suspicious but unafraid. The Arabs are a remarkable people

who seem to speak with their eyes rather than their tongues. Time and time again during treks to and fro across North Africa we thought we could read their thoughts: "Look, another group of invaders much like the Romans, Vandals, French, English. Now this new breed of men from the West! They come and go. We stay and so does the land."

Once the fog lifted we were treated to a glorious day under a cobalt sky and with refreshing offshore breezes. We were laden down with field packs totalling without a rifle over fifty pounds. Later in the day the *Leedstown* was sunk by enemy action, most probably by a lurking submarine which had gotten through the naval security screen. Just to make sure an Italian bomber finished her off with a direct hit amidships.

Merrily we swung along the coastal road in route step, actually along the edges of the road with about five yards between each GI. Our first contact with the French came in the village of Jean Bart. It was just 7:55 A.M. and the bell of the local church was ringing for Mass. Some terrified women and children were huddled along the church walls wondering, I suppose, whether the sacred edifice would be destroyed by our naval gunfire which was beating a grisly tattoo in answer to the French coastal batteries.

The local curé met me at the church door and greeted me, assuring me that he and his people had waited with impatience for the arrival of the Americans. Latin was the common tongue between us, and he laughed most heartily over what he termed the disguises of the Jesuits. He went in to begin the Mass followed by the waiting women, children, and a goodly number of our soldiers. A few yards beyond the town we were greeted by some small arms fire from a small detachment of French-African troops who quickly fled up the the road as the GI's answered. Out on Cap Matifou the British Commandos under a Major Trevor and some American personnel under a Captain Martin of St. Louis, Mo., were finding the going quite rough and had to call for more naval fire to silence the French batteries. By this time a crowd had gathered in the square before the city hall of Jean Bart, and for the first time we heard the cry for food which would follow us across Africa. To the delight of the crowd our boys unloaded precious items

from their packs and so we took Jean Bart with Luckies, Hershey bars and a few bullets. *C'est la guerre!*

We arrived at Fort de l'Eau at about 11:45 A.M. and here we met our first real opposition, the Senegalese, who were guarding the approach to Maison Carrée. Here we suffered our first casualties. The French contingent even included a squadron of *Chasseurs d'Afrique!* They were quickly driven back into a quasi-fort which stood on a hill, and before long the white flag was raised. I suppose this was another token affair *pour l'honneur de la république.* As soon as the firing ceased, the Arabs poured out into the streets ready to sell rugs, scarfs and jewelry to the astonished GI's. In an effort to establish some kind of order amid this Arabic chaos, I asked my clerk, the one and only Camillo Morelli, better known as the *Paesano,* to straighten things out. With the efficiency of a New York cop handling traffic at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, he fell to the task, hiring an Arab town crier to inform the *fellahin* of the blackout, security risks and such minutiae. His sternness and vocal authority would have done credit to a dictator, and later we were told that he had lavishly sprinkled the official announcements with commercials. On toward evening our medics brought in seven wounded Senegalese including one sergeant who must have taken a full burst of machine gun fire, as I counted twelve bullet wounds. These soldiers, magnificent specimens, were to do good work for us later in Tunisia on scouting patrols. The Germans had a mortal terror of their bayonets which measured over twenty-five inches in length, had three edges and came down to a needle point. The last casualty was a French captain shot down needlessly by a cyclist. He was carried into the local doctor's office, and the parish priest arrived just in time to give him the Last Sacraments. The curé was visibly shaken as the wounded officer was from Fort de l'Eau. He died the next day.

Nov. 9th, 1942. My first military funerals were of Privates Stone and Blair in the little Catholic Cemetery on the edge of town. The French insisted on digging the graves and there, against the west wall we laid these men to rest, wrapped in blue Navy blankets and shrouded in the American flag. A rifle squad fired the volley and the bugler sounded taps for the first

time in the balmy and clear African air. I read the Protestant burial service, the bodies were lowered, and Martin, Schulek and Morelli filled up the graves.

The day, however, ended on a somewhat festive note. Morelli, who would become famous in the battalion for finding a good place to sleep, the nearest water supply, the one shelter from rain, and above all, the best place to find food, quietly confided that some people named Scotto, who had come from the Island of Ischia off Naples, were to be our hosts. From this island came Morelli's folks and after the introductions in the grand manner, he, the doctor and myself sat down to a meal à la Ischia! The salad had more than a faint aroma of garlic, the meats and vegetables were swimming in olive oil, while the dessert was some kind of bread pudding, most probably a gourmet's delight. After days of spam and powdered eggs, I thought I was feasting. Needless to add, the wines were excellent. However, our feasting was suddenly and ruthlessly interrupted by a German bombing mission which hit savagely at the dock area of Algiers. One of those black eagles, badly damaged made a run for the beach just beyond Fort de l'Eau and passed over Scotto's balcony less than one hundred feet above us. It was blazing and crashed just beyond the French barracks. I stood transfixed at what seemed to be the great joy of Signor Scotto shouting, "A bas les Boches!"

Nov. 10th, 1942. Left Fort de l'Eau and moved into Maison Carrée. The huge French fort had not formally surrendered; just learned that the formalities will be carried out later in the day. The conference was attended by Admiral Darlan, General Ryder and our Colonel Caffey. Visited the monastery of the White Fathers with Dr. Brian Gallagher, a graduate of Fordham. Most graciously received by Bishop Joseph Birraux, superior general of the order and by a Father Lechrani from Fall River, Mass. They all were very happy to receive us. Gave them their first American tobacco in years. The occasion was saddened when the radio announced that the Germans had taken over unoccupied France. There was a profound silence and quietly tears began streaming down their weather-beaten faces. This was, as one of the Father's said, the final shame of France.

Spent the night (10th to 11th) at the monastery and said

Mass the following morning in the Bishop's private chapel. Today the battalion moved from Maison Carrée to a filthy Arab town, just in case the Germans would try to land paratroops east of Maison Blanche, the airport.

Nov. 17th, 1942. Battalion moved over to Maison Blanche. It was my sister's birthday, so I said Mass for her in the church of a little village just outside the airport. Some British, American and French soldiers attended along with a handful of natives.

At this point of the diary I had entered a few notes on the French priests whom I met from Algiers to Tunis and back to Oran, observing that all of them were splendid and did all in their limited power to welcome us as friends. Many were born on the continent, had served in World War I, and a few were graduates of Jesuit schools. Two stand out in both the diary and memory. The first was the curé in the village of Souk-Ahras, the home town of Saint Augustine. A fine old gentleman, he loved France as only a Frenchman can and became my boon companion. He had a merry twinkle in his sky blue eyes and was bewildered at the *esprit de joie* of the American GI and even more so at his faithful attendance at Mass. This was true all across North Africa and a constant source of wonder not only to the local curés but also to our own Protestant chaplains, to say nothing of their English counterparts. The other priest with whom I had most pleasant contacts while in the hospital at Sidi-Bel-Abbès, the home of the French foreign legion, was much of the same mould as the Père from Tagaste with the added touch that his name was Richelieu. He really went all out for the Americans when the officers of the Legion, with the colonel leading, marched into the ten o'clock Mass—I said the Mass while he preached the sermon—about the only think I caught was a refrain to the effect that, the Americans are *magnifique* and have shown my people that men and soldiers do attend Mass on Sunday. *Voilà!*

Dec. 6th, 1942. Two Masses today in very picturesque parish church. At the second Mass the school children sang a variety of French hymns and gazed in awe at the church packed by the American soldiers. The curé was a gracious host and recounted in broken English, mixed with barbaric (to my unaccustomed ears) Latin, his experiences with the Americans in World War I. As we were leaving on the morrow, I took up a collection among the troops for the church. It amounted to over seventeen thousand Francs (the rate of exchange then was two francs to the penny) and the Père told us, "After this terrible war is over, we shall erect a statue in our church

to the Blessed Mother in memory of the brave and generous Americans." And this would be the memory that we left behind, of a sort of *ami international,* much stronger than the sealing wax that binds nations by treaties, concordats and so forth. Long after the names of the presidents, premiers and ambassadors are mere footnotes for some graduate student to unearth, the story of the good will expressed by the American GI will be passed from father to son giving, we hope, the real meaning to all this sacrifice of men and money.

Dec. 7th, 1942. At last we joined the famous club of the forty and eight (*40 hommes ou 8 chevaux*). Entrained at Algiers to join up with the British Army somewhere in the East. The ride took four days over the Atlas Mountains on a train that brought back memories of the trip from Baltimore to Blue Ridge Summit via the Western Maryland. The weather was rainy and cold, and we were perfectly miserable in the dilapidated freight cars. In what might euphemistically be called a compartment (it was merely one end of the car with a blanket drawn across) Dr. Kohlmoos and myself shared quarters. In the next space was a lieutenant who was forever calling for Sergeant Revoir. Just why we never found out. When the sergeant did not answer, the lieutenant's refrain was, "Well, that beats me! Where can he be?" But the lieutenant had one quality we all lacked: he could sleep anywhere, any time.

Dec. 9th, 1942. On a siding our attempt at making the best of a poor situation by forced merriment vanished and suddenly we became a solemn and sober group. The real ugliness of war peered out of the windows of a hospital train headed to the rear. Sightless eyes stared emptily into ours, burned faces and bodies wrapped in smelly yellow bandages, jolted us into what was ahead. These were our soldiers mostly from the 1st Armored Division who had borne the initial assault of the Germanic legions. No one spoke. No one trusted himself to speak. Words would have sounded meaningless, artificial, and superficial. Finally we pulled out into the night.

Dec. 10th, 1942. Arrived at Souk-Ahras, market place of the Arabs and home town of Saint Augustine, formerly called Tagaste. Rain was sweeping across the mountains and since

the town sits like a saddle, it bore the full brunt of the tempest. Rain would become a boring friend before we left, always with us and so unwanted. The soldiers were billeted in school buildings after spending the first night in the mud on the local race course—an episode Morelli has never forgiven me. He already (we had only been there an hour!) had made contacts to billet with a local family. Quarters were found for the officers in what was called the Hôtel d'Orient.

Dec. 11th, 1942. It was with great joy that I said Mass in the basilica of Augustine. He has always been a favorite of mine. The church had suffered from the air raids as this town was a rail junction. Its windows were broken and the streets around were filled with rubble. The sacred edifice itself had escaped serious damage and retained a certain peace and serenity within its walls. After Mass met the curé who entertained me with the local traditions about Augustine. The basilica stands over the ruins of the church of his times and just across the town in fairly good shape are the ruins of the Roman military town, whose most prominent feature is a pagan temple dominating what must have been the forum. An olive tree on a slope along the road which dips into the valley is called the tree of Augustine, legend having it, that the *Doctor Gratiae* studied there. Both in the parish house and in the basement of the church are a collection of Augustiniana. Walking down to the mess after my talk with the curé, my imagination ran rampant and I thrilled at the thought that here across this plaza and on these pavements the sandled feet of the great saint had clattered running errands for St. Monica or hurrying to school.

Already Morelli had made the necessary contacts and his cherubic face beamed with joy supreme as he announced, "Padre, the town is filled with *Paesani!*" And until we left Souk-Ahras he lived like the proverbial *caid* never letting Dr. Kohlmoos, Dr. Stinson or myself visit his haunts. Our mess which was on the ground floor of the hotel became a stopover for visitors to the front. Among others were Generals Eisenhower, Patton, Ryder, Caffey, Captain Randolph Churchill, a Colonel who we were told was one of the few English soldiers who had been awarded the Victoria Cross twice. One English captain we will never forget although his name escaped my

hungry pen. He appeared late one evening shouting loudly after a character named Chick. He entered our room and it took all the eloquence of Kohlmoos, Stinson and myself to convince this doughty trooper that his Chick was not hiding in the knapsacks, blankets or rations. He then made for the door but insisted that if and when we ran across Chick would we be so kind as to give him a box, which he produced. We readily agreed. The next morning while making the rounds of the British field hospital I gave the mysterious box to an officer on duty who later informed us that the box contained a perfect set of false teeth. We never did find out whether they caught up with Chick.

The rail junction at Souk-Ahras was under constant bombardment by the German *Luftwaffe,* and like all humans we fell quickly into a routine. The Germans must have been on a time schedule or following some attack pattern. The raids were of the morning-afternoon variety. I spent the intervals visiting the British and French hospitals, the companies of the battalion stationed at Biskra and other near-by places. Dr. Kohlmoos, Lt. Bill Bolin along with Sergeant Osmun and myself visited the ruins at Madaura, some twenty-five kilometers southeast of Tagaste where St. Augustine had attended school. The place has been excavated by the French government and the remains of a once thriving college town were in evidence: the buildings which surrounded the forum, a theatre that must have seated upwards of ten thousand, the streets of the carpenters, goldsmiths, lawyers and armorers. As usual, Arabs scrambled out of the ruins offering for sale both Roman and Greek coins. On the arch at the entrance to the theatre I could decipher the name Cassius and I wondered if it might be the same of whom Shakespeare wrote that he had "a lean and hungry look." Among the deserted ruins sheep grazed peacefully and stiff-legged goats were totally unaware that they were standing upon centuries of antiquity and tradition. They stared glassy-eyed at us whose civilization was built upon these very stones. Among the grave markers I spotted a few with the familiar R.I.P., the *alpha* and *omega,* or the sign of the fish.

Later on in January Lieutenant-Colonel John Peter Grimmer, the battalion commander known to his troops as "Pete the

Ripper" and the fifth Grimmer to hold the officer rank in the U. S. Army from the days of the Revolution, decided that I should have my fill of St. Augustine. Accordingly, we took off in a jeep for a trip of over sixty kilometers to Bône, the Hippo of Augustine. The town was now a staging and depot area and was under constant German aerial attacks. The basilica, a massive group of buildings, surmounts the hill overlooking the city. At the rectory we were enthusiastically entertained by an Augustinian Father who had studied at Villanova, Pennsylvania. But the contrast in our interests on this, a certainly momentous occasion, provided us with considerable amusement. While I was anxious to learn everything about the city of Augustine, the good Father peppered me with questions about Villanova, Pa., and that city's current events: the number of students, the football team, etc.

Standing on the brow of the hill, he pointed out the various sites where the great doctor of the Church had labored. We went down into the town, past road blocks and quantities of war materials, into what was the ancient section of the city. Almost all was in ruins from both ancient and modern warfare. There is no trace of Augustine's cathedral, the area being now owned by a local winery whose owner had refused to permit excavation. The only real link with the Augustinian age is the ruin of the local Roman theatre or circus close by the church site. It was of mammoth proportions and the seats and stage were still useable even at this late date, a British show company having given a performance only a few days before. Augustine referred to this theatre with the remark that his sermons were often disturbed by the ribald shouts from it.

The Roman ruins left me with a sense of sadness, the vision of a powerful empire turned to bitter dust; but the ruins which had been a church or shrine were still alive, still spoke of the eternity of Christianity of which St. Augustine was such a peerless exponent.

Jan. 3rd, 1943. It was my sad duty today, to bury Private Aaron Rosenblatt, Company D, 18th Infantry in the Catholic cemetery in Souk-Ahras. He had been mortally wounded in action near-by. He was from Philadelphia and of the Hebrew faith. He was laid to rest with full military honors. The bugler and the six riflemen were of his religion. At the moment I

was about to begin the reading of the Hebrew ritual, an English corporal presented himself and asked to be allowed the privilege of conducting the service since he was a Cantor in a London synagogue. It seemed but the natural thing to accord the corporal this privilege, and the body was lowered into the raw earth, witnessed by a large part of the French population of the village. This burial might have had almost international complications involving finally our Chargé d'Affaires in Algiers, Mr. Robert Murphy. It involved me with the local curé and town officials because the burial took place in consecrated ground. We had some tense moments involving local customs with a touch of Canon Law. However, eventually things were smoothed out.

> My relations with Mr. Murphy were cordial. He wrote under date of November 27, 1959: "Your reference to the North African landings brings back many souvenirs and especially that of your participation in them."

Feb. 15th, 1943. A casual announcement over BBC informed us, who had settled down to garrison life at Souk-Ahras, that Field Marshal Rommel's Afrika Corps had broken through the thinly held lines near Feriana and with two Panzer divisions (21st and 24th) seemed headed northwest toward the passes leading to Constantine. At 2:00 A.M. we were roused from sleep, and Grimmer announced that we would proceed toward what by this time looked like a major German break-through. We hurriedly packed the jeep with the necessary gear, leaving behind in Souk-Ahras all impedimenta under the careful supervision of Corporal Myer Kantor of Poughkeepsie, New York. The four of us who made the trip would become inseparable companions during the next few weeks, Dr. Kohlmoos, Bill Nesbihal from Jersey City, Morelli and I. The trek over the Atlas Mountains was made in a biting wind which chilled us to the marrow. We could not keep the windshield upright; it had to be closed over the motor and covered with canvas, a defense precaution to prevent scouting planes from picking up any reflections. Smoking was prohibited as well as fires for heating the C rations.

Morning found us in the outskirts of El Kef, a massive fortress-like town sitting astride the main highway leading to Sbiba. This had been one of the last Arab strongholds to

fall in the empire building of the French in the last century. Suddenly the towns took on Greek sounding names; perhaps they had been such during the days of Grecian greatness! Early in the afternoon we received our first taste of gunplay from a German strafing party of two Messerschmidt 109's near the Roman ruins of Sbiba. They were flying at tree-top level at about three hundred miles per hour. Dr. Kohlmoos and myself were lucky in finding a ditch of some depth as the death-spewing machines roared by. But three French officers were not quick enough and were killed. Then as a dessert to this nerve-shattering routine we were given front-row center seats as a huge tank battle evolved in the desert in front of the town.

Sundown comes quickly at Sbiba which is on the fringe of the desert, and with sundown comes bitter coldness. Nobody seemed to have a clear picture of what we were doing there or where we should bivouac for the night. Two battalions of the 18th Infantry of the 1st Division had also arrived by this time and were in the same state of indecision. One old sergeant was taking no chances with his platoon. He in a jiffy had the GI's bedded down while he personally took charge of the sentry posts. He wore a coonskin hat, had a rifle with the longest barrel I have ever seen mounted with a telescopic lens, as he put it, "just in case." Grimmer has not yet returned from the briefing being held somewhere in the rear, and Major Ramsey, battalion executive officer, being told that a cactus patch was just ahead which might give some protection against this fierce wind said, "Well, let's go. Pete can find us in the morning." When the order got back to the medics' set-up, another one was given. But, taking the first order as the true one, Kohlmoos, Morelli and myself began our night march in what we believed was the wake of the battalion. We finally reached a cactus patch a few hundred yards ahead. Beyond was an Arab farm house with the usual chorus of dogs baying at the moon. Not a sign of the battalion—just three lost men, cold, hungry and scared. We rolled up in blankets and never did get to sleep. About 4 A.M. the battalion arrived. Grimmer had returned with the news that we were moving over into Kasserine Pass.

Before inserting the diary entries of the American retreat out of the Kasserine Pass, perhaps a word of caution will be in order.

Being an eyewitness of a chaotic withdrawal has this great disadvantage: only a small segment of the entire picture can be given. Some years ago I tried to acquire what was the official report on our battalion on the battle, but the matter was marked "Classified." I suppose like Gettysburg, this episode will be debated long after the survivors have answered the last roll call.

Feb. 19th, 1943. Arrived in a field near Kasserine Pass in a torrential downpour, bitter cold, stopped behind some Roman ruins whose walls seem to be about six feet thick; absolutely desolate and hideous looking country. Artillery shells (German 88's) began falling in the morning. No plane coverage, ceiling almost zero. Much American equipment around. The 19th Battalion of Engineers are up in the mouth of the Pass. A horse-drawn French battery of 75's quickly destroyed. Now 9 A.M. The battalion will split up and move forward about 4 P.M. I Company on the right, K Company on the left with L in reserve. M Company, the heavy weapons unit, will be in support behind I and K. Soldiers very slow in digging the fox holes. Everyone so cold and hungry and fearful of what is ahead. Our senses seem numbed. Rain stopped about 1 P.M. More soldiers digging now. Visited all the companies, gave general absolution to the Catholic men and blessings to the others. The Pass is about 3 miles wide. Grimmer set up his command post behind L Company, while Dr. Kohlmoos put up his medic station in a wadi (gully) a few yards behind the command post. Laiche with his anti-tank Company also here. Just found out that the 1st Battalion of the 16th Infantry is over in our left, commanded by Lt.-Col. Stark. Raining again. Boy, it's really cold!

Feb. 20th, 1943. Warned by a courier that the Germans are on the move, have already (5:30 A.M.) overrun the forward positions. Our men are falling back. Small arms fire clearly audible. At 6 A.M. the 88's begin their orchestration. Grimmer moved the CP three times this morning before noon. We are now out on the flat located in a huge wadi which is running deep with the rain of the past two days. At 11:45 A.M. Captain Luther Gambill received warning that the German tanks had broken through our lines and that I Company under Captain Robert Cobb, classmate of Bing Crosby, was in danger of being ambushed. We are now ready to press the panic

button. No transportation, communications very poor. We started across the plain toward the Pass leading to Tebessa. Kohlmoos parked the ambulance at the crossroads at the Tebessa road and a valley road running east and west. Now 6:30 P.M., still raining. Lt. John Dyroff, the motor officer, doing a swell job with the few jeeps left. Troops begin to assemble around the ambulances. Most had thrown away their equipment and were very downhearted. The first meal of the day consisted of some luckily found C rations, one can for three men. Luck still with us—a captain of the 7th Field Artillery passing by gave us three boxes of K rations. Water very low. Just found out my good friends Sgts. Tansey, Aiello and Farrano were killed. Tansey was the last soldier I had shouted adieu to, as his company moved up the Pass. I Company coming in, the soldiers are singing the praises of their captain who got them out of a tight squeeze with only one man wounded. At 9:30 P.M., we numbered about three hundred fifty. Everybody mad and crying—to quote one GI, "Padre, I never thought those Krauts would see my back." 10 P.M. began retreat, Dr. Stinson leading the march. At 1:00 A.M. it was clearing again. Dr. Kohlmoos, Morelli and myself still at the ambulance. Machine guns down the road about five hundred yards. Must be German. The tracer bullets are white, (writing this inside the ambulance). Machine gun fire closer, hiding in the ditch alongside of the road. It's the Germans all right, a *Volkswagen* full of them. They stop about fifty feet away, go down to the stream and fill their canteens. Then one more burst at the ambulance and they are off. *Deo gratias.* 2:30 A.M. All clear now, more troops straggling in from K and L companies.

Feb. 20th, 1943. No Mass possible although it is Sunday. Picture far from encouraging. We are huddled in the Pass, I Company moving back on the Tebessa Road to protect the flank. The boys look pretty weary, but morale has been restored. Americans just don't like to take a beating even if the opposition is the varsity. Most of the remarks indicate that if and when we get a return game the score will be different. Valley roads under heavy shellfire. The Germans are using our jeeps and half-tracks. Rainy and cold. Already our armored stuff is moving up from Thala in great quantities. Spent the re-

mainder of the day just waiting. Rosary recited in each company area. Just heard BBC, "The situation in Kasserine area critical but confused. There is no doubt that this is a major push by the Afrika Corps."

Feb. 21st, 1943. Another full day of waiting. Battalion strength up over 500. Grimmer gone off to get reserves.

Feb. 22nd, 1943. Dr. Kohlmoos moved the aid station further up the North Pass near a railroad culvert. Still raining. Good news: Dr. Kohlmoos promoted to Captain. Mail, heavy gunfire all day.

Feb. 23rd, 1943. Command post back in the center of the North Pass. All of our heavy stuff is out in front, giving the Germans a real pounding. Rumor has it that Rommel's armored units were stopped cold before Thala by the 9th Division artillery.

Feb. 24th, 1943. Germans are retreating; we are moving toward the village of Kasserine. Captain Vaughan arrived with piles of mail.

Feb. 27th, 1943. Grimmer and myself visited headquarters. A pleasant chat with General Robinette. He praised the work of the soldiers but was quite frank in expressing the fact that we had taken a licking.

Feb. 28th, 1943. Bivouacked near Tebessa. Joe Mason of Florida, the Red Cross representative drove in with a truck load of supplies, the most valuable items being soap, razor blades and cigarettes. We are to rejoin the 9th Division. Met General M. S. Eddy (9th Div. Commander) and General Theodore Roosevelt near Tebessa. They greeted Grimmer warmly. Again no Mass possible. Have gotten word through to Algiers to rush up the Mass kit. Visited all companies for the rosary.

March 3rd, 1943. Grimmer replaced by Lt. Col. John Kiely.

March 5th, 1943. At long last the Mass kit arrived from Father John Ford, a British one at that. Visited Tebessa: very well preserved Roman buildings, triumphal arch of Carcalla, temple of Juno, Christian church dedicated to St. Fulgentius. Had a pleasant chat with the local curé. This was the

last large Roman town on the skirt of the Sahara and heavily fortified and garrisoned. Nearly everybody at Mass this evening; fifty went to Holy Communion.

This ends the saga of the Kasserine Pass. Like any defeat or retreat nobody wants to discuss it. To forget it seems the best thing, but for the record I would like to add my small praise to the work performed by the medics. They, of course, considered their bravery simply in the line of duty, but that cliché does not do them justice. And of the group, the work of Leland Osmun, Keith Miller, Slick Thomenson and Frank Schaffer really merits more than just a passing bow. Personally, I had lost some good friends and did not have the honor of laying their remains to rest. When we finally entered the village, the Germans had performed the task. The graves were neatly spaced, clearly marked and even had flowers on them. R.I.P.

March 15th, 1943. Changed over to the First Battalion along with the medics. A bit of a shock since the 3rd Battalion with its large quota of Catholic men would have only Sunday Mass. The good-byes were quiet, sincere and not without a slight catch in the throat. War always seems to bring out men's better selves, especially when the pressure is on.

March 27th, 1943. The whole regiment (39th) moved into the Gafsa area. By this time General Montgomery was exerting great pressure on the Mareth line to the south and east. Our operation was aimed at the area around Sfax and Gabes thus producing a pincer movement. But it never quite worked out that way. The Germans retired toward Tunis. Rommel was recalled and his place was taken by Von Arnim. As we rode through Gafsa, it was only a shell of itself, a ghost town. The little Catholic church on the Gabes road was a sorry relic of war, its empty windows staring blindly into the hot sun; its altar destroyed and the surrounding buildings pock-marked with holes. Its steeple was still erect, surmounted by the Cross which against the setting sun seemed like a huge sundial marking time against eternity. People would come back, rebuild the sacred edifice and the priest would begin the *Introibo ad altare Dei,* clothed in vestments from a British Mass kit donated by an American chaplain.

March 28th, 1943. Arose at 2:45 A.M. A bit of hot C rations at 4:00 A.M. The 47th Infantry was at the head of the column. We took off at 6:00 A.M. Crawled up the west side of the mountain barrier while below lay the frightful looking Arab town called El Guettar. At 2:45 P.M. the German artillery barrage caught up with us. Shells are bursting all around. Let's get out of here! Made a run for it with Kohlmoos, Morelli and Nesbihal toward the Battalion CP. The bursts are becoming thicker. Down in the ditch it is difficult to write. Suddenly the crescendo dies away and I can hear somebody shouting, "Medics out here, hurry." We found Anderson of headquarters company badly wounded. Dr. Kohlmoos was hit by the next burst in the left ankle. There is a jeep afire just at the base of the hill. Took Dr. Kohlmoos and Anderson back to the 47th Regiment medics. The Germans are still firing at 10:30 P.M.

It was about at this point that I asked the $64,000 question, "Was all this worth-while? Did it have to be so far away from home?" I guess the best answer came from a GI of Italian descent who wrapped up the whole package with this remark: "Really I don't know, Father, but I'd rather be fighting here than on Main Street."

As noted before and confirmed by many German prisoners, the quality of the American soldier that baffled friend and foe alike was their sense of humor, the ability to laugh and then die. During a lull at El Guettar I had the somber duty of taking six bodies back to Gafsa for burial in the American cemetery. That sacred rite having been duly completed, Morelli and I were stopped at a road block about five miles from our battle position. Nearby was a Negro battery of Long Toms, whose specific job was to pepper the German supply lines. After walking over to the batteries position, safely hidden behind a sizeable hill, and after introductions to the officers who were very proud of their unit, we stood by as casual observers, but the ritual followed was strictly formal. As the shells were being loaded into the guns, the top sergeant, who was addressed as Uncle Moe, imparted his blessing in the form of a kiss per shell. Just a split second before the lieutenant gave the signal to fire, with the full cadence of a Negro spiritual came the words, "Mistah Rommel, heah we come!" Some

fourteen seconds later, as the thud resounded across the valley, the second line of the chorus joyously burst forth, "Mistah Rommel, count yo' men!"

April 4th, 1943. The Germans had kept up a lively artillery barrage all day. The colonel in command of the 39th Infantry sent for me and insisted that, if it was at all feasible, I should say Mass. As he put it, "Padre, we need all the help we can get upstairs. Disperse the men and let the good Lord take care from here on in." I borrowed a medical chest from Doctor Raia of New York City and there in the African twilight with the strangest melody that ever accompanied the Holy Sacrifice I offered the unending oblation "at the going down thereof." All during the service the armies exchanged heavy artillery fire. About two hundred fifty were in attendance scattered along the hillside with whatever cover was available and all went to Holy Communion in a manner that might be called on the double, each soldier hurrying from his sheltered position and back again. I was very happy when I could literally say "Go, the Mass is finished."

One thing that never became a routine was death with its awful stench. And it seemed much closer and more clammy when it took a friend. On April 2nd it struck blindly and carried away in its black maw a real hero, one Keith Miller from Rochester, New York. He was hit in the back by a sniper while attending one of our wounded. As I annointed him, he repeated the *Pater* and the *Ave*. His own mother could not have been more gentle than those medics, Martin, Osmun, and Schulski. "Am I on my way out, Father?" Now how does one answer that question? I didn't even try. Miller was the medic who had gone into a mine field and brought out the wounded men with great unconcern for his own life. He died on the way to Gafsa and lies at eternal rest among the white crosses there. R.I.P.

Our regiment's work at El Guettar was finished on April 8th. I said a Requiem Mass on the wind-swept edge of the Sahara Desert. All around was strewn the wreckage of Rommel's once powerful Afrika Corps which was now being readied for the final assaults by Montgomery and Bradley, the latter having replaced Patton.

Just a note on the strange things that Americans do when they go to war. After we had returned to the bivouac area near Tebessa bringing us plenty of rest and clean clothes, the meandering Joe Mason of the Red Cross showed up. In his caravan were boxes filled with Coca-Cola. One of the line companies sold the cokes at twenty-five dollars per bottle. The money was sent to the widows of the men of the company who had been killed.

The finale was played out in Northern Tunisia from roughly April 23rd to May 13th. We circled the British Eighth Army and along with the two other regiments (60th and 47th), we were in the push through the Sedjanane Valley. This involved a forced march from the area round El Guettar to La Calle on the Mediterranean. The French would be in at this final collapse of Hitler's legions, namely the 19th French Corps under General LeClerc. The curtain descended swiftly and our regiment played its part nobly. The terrain was mountainous and difficult to fight in. I managed to say Mass daily in one battalion area or another. The outstanding fact was that the American forces had now made the varsity. The desperate effort of Germany to reinforce her armies came to naught. Coordination and cooperation were much more in evidence and we made far fewer mistakes than at the Kasserine. But when the German prisoners began to say that the Americans were as good as anything they had faced and when we realized that these men had fought the Russians and the 8th Army, we began to believe that at long last we had arrived.

After the African campaign ended, we returned to Algiers. Then by train went to Oran into a training area. Just before we took off for Sicily the 39th Regiment was picked as a prize American unit to parade before King George VI of England. We trained the French foreign legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbès and began to prepare ourselves for the invasion of Sicily. This operation would be under the command of General George S. Patton.

Father Gustave Joseph Dumas

Joseph E. O'Neill, S.J.

There are some people who seem to go through life without ever impinging upon the consciousness of others. Asked to evaluate or even to describe their characters, we should be hard put to say anything very positive. They neither anger nor provoke, shock nor startle, repel nor attract. They exist. We admire their virtue and concede their intelligence, but we do not gladly choose their company, seek their opinions, or value their remarks. As individuals they seem to have no sharp edges, no interesting facets of personality, no challenging attitudes of mind. In a word, they are estimable but boring.

Father Dumas was not one of these. If he was anything at all, he was unique, a positive and challenging personality who, knowing his own quality and that of his neighbor, did not hesitate to act upon his knowledge with energy and prudence. To many he was reserved and aloof; to a few who really knew him he was admirable, a man of sensitive temperament, active disposition, and truly generous nature. It should prove interesting and profitable to review, however briefly and inadequately, the record of his life.

There was little or no excitement at the Dumas ménage in Flushing, Long Island, to note the arrival on June 11, 1898, of the newest member of this typically American family. The mother had been born Margaret Harkins, and her grandparents had come from County Meath. The father was Alexandre Dumas, son of François and Josephine Cartier-Dumas, who were from Sainte-Foy-la-Grande, on the outskirts of Bordeaux. Comment about Father Dumas began early. When his French grandmother, visiting the new baby for the first time, uttered the somewhat restrained praise, "He is a nice baby," his mother realistically replied, "Thank you very much, but I have never seen a baby more homely. However, when he grows up he can have a mustache to cover his big mouth and long trousers to cover his big feet. So we need not be discouraged!"

Although there was a Catholic church in Flushing at the time, there was no Catholic school. So young Gustave obtained his early education at Public School No. 22 in the Murray Hill section of Flushing, and then at the Flushing High School until May of his second year at which time he left to work for the New York Life Insurance Company at 346 Broadway. He was almost fourteen years old and he worked six days a week for thirty dollars a month, lunch included. Three years later, when he left the company to return to school, he was assistant cashier of the Park Row Branch and was earning sixty-five dollars a month, a clear indication of the characteristic he was to manifest all his life, the ability to succeed in practical matters and particularly in those of an administrative nature.

Although he had never met a Jesuit, he was set upon becoming one and his principal reason, apart from the desire of serving God as a priest and a religious, seems to have been the conviction that, since the Jesuit training was the longest one, it must certainly be the best, and if you are going to do something worth-while you should do it in the best way possible. Through the kind offices of the well known Father Daniel J. Quinn, S.J., his confessor for several years, a scholarship was granted him by Father Rockwell, then the rector at Brooklyn Prep, and young Gustave was able to begin his high school again in the fall of 1916. It was a bit of a task, for he had to make up the second year matter in Greek in addition to the regular classes as well as work at the lunch counter during the morning recreation period and at lunch time. But they were happy days; he knew what he wanted, and he took the necessary steps.

Under the guidance and counsel of Father Quinn young Dumas made application on May 13, 1918 to enter the Society. Owing to the fact that the new Code of Canon Law was to go into effect on May 19th, he entered St. Andrew's on Saturday, May 18th. It was a hectic departure. Father Raphael O'Connell, his teacher, was almost as surprised as the boys in the class. Although the Jesuit-to-be attempted to make a quiet departure, the excited members of the class rushed out, lifted him up, and carried him back to the classroom where they in-

sisted that he pronounce, not a sentimental farewell, but a Whitmanesque and American "So Long."

The days passed quickly, and the young novice, who had become manuductor during his second year, was the sole novice to pronounce his vows on May 18, 1920. After two years of juniorate and only two weeks at Woodstock, word came that Mr. Dumas was to make his philosophy in Montreal at the Collège de l'Immaculée Conception. This was a wonderfully new and exciting experience, and he found the Canadian Jesuits as interesting as their menus, their practice of wearing the habit abroad, and their delightful villas at Nominingue and Lac des Ecorces. There was also the fact that in addition to the ordinary course of philosophy he was permitted to attend the University of Montreal from which he obtained the degree of bachelor of literature.

The first assignment for regency was the task of teaching fourth year high at St. Peter's Prep in Jersey City. The writer, who was a member of the class, can testify to the remarkable success of the young regent. He was liked and admired, and we considered ourselves fortunate to have been able to benefit from his hard work, his zeal, and his enthusiasm. He had the happy ability to preach without being preachy, to direct in the way of the Lord without seeming to. I have never known a better teacher. He was an excellent disciplinarian and the entire class, quick to recognize the fact, wisely restrained its collective exuberance. All in all, it was a happy time for Mr. Dumas, and, since his teaching load called for no afternoon classes during the second semester, he began work on a doctorate at the Woolworth Building division of Fordham University. Father Connell, who was prefect general of studies at the time, had assured him that he would remain at St. Peter's for the three years of regency and that he would be able to complete a great part of the required doctorate studies. But this did not happen; instead, and to his surprise, he was assigned to Georgetown University in June of 1926.

The work at Georgetown, like the atmosphere, was entirely different from that of St. Peter's High School. The first year there he taught Freshman Latin and Sophomore Greek, the second year he continued with Freshman Latin, but instead of Greek was assigned a Junior and Senior elective in English.

Since it was not yet the day of specialization, the young scholastic found himself in charge of the *Mimes and Mummers* dramatic society, a prefect at meals, and in charge of morning and evening study hall.

At the end of regency he was sent to St. Louis for summer school courses in French and on August 28, 1928 sailed for France, a theologian-to-be at the scholasticate of Fourvière in Lyons.

It was a delight to be in the land to which he felt such strong ties and to this pleasure was added the fillip of mystery when at the end of his first year of theology he received a telegram from Father Edmund Walsh, whom he had known at Georgetown, telling him he was to come to Rome to help make out his reports on the *modus vivendi* arrangement which Father Walsh had just completed in Mexico. This somewhat exciting assignment received the solid weight of authority upon the receipt of a telegram from Very Reverend Father General approving the plan and clarifying Father Walsh's first telegram which had read rather simply and peremptorily: "Make first train to Rome and advise time of arrival." The work proved to be as interesting as the expectation, and filled with satisfyingly secret material nowadays referred to as very "hush hush." After it was finished Mr. Dumas accompanied Father Walsh to Barcelona and San Sebastian and then to Paris. Upon Father Walsh's departure Mr. Dumas then went to Milltown Park in Dublin for the rest of the summer holiday.

European Years

This section was contributed through the kindness of Reverend William E. Fitzgerald, S.J., of the New England Province.

Father Dumas was starting his second year of theology at Fourvière when a new group of three Americans arrived to begin theology. From the very first day it would be hard to imagine anyone who could have been more considerate, kind and generous in helping them become settled in their new surroundings. He had a gift for anticipating one's needs. He knew the most efficient way of rendering the circumstances agreeable and he was prompt to share his knowledge, whether that concerned the most opportune descent of six flights of stairs to the garage-cellar to take a shower on anyone of three

afternoons a week when hot water was provided, the appearance of the latest volumes in theology, or where to find, on occasion, *nutu superiorum*, the closest thing to a dish of American ice cream or cup of chocolate. He was as industrious as the proverbial bee, always going at top speed. He had ideas for holidays; he was amusing at recreation; he kept the small group of Americans welded together for the happy years that he was with them. While he would feign embarrassment if he were not *au courant* of the latest developments, he was just as alert to seize every oportunity for spiritual ministry. A visit to the dentist's office became the occasion of bringing back to the Sacraments a promising young oral surgeon, who had lost his way quite seriously. The renewal of his passport brought him into contact with a young man who sought him out constantly thereafter for guidance and, in turn, channeled to him many other Americans from the official circles for counsel and religious help. His former students at Georgetown and his other friends in America often had someone to stop to see him, because they knew that he would know what best to do. And he always seemed to arrive at a happy solution.

One of the severest trials Father had to face was the news of the illness and death of his mother, while he was still in theology. He was tenderly and intensely devoted to her. He had hoped that she might even travel to France for his ordination, but all his hopes were suddenly crushed. By a strange mishap, due probably to the fact that cablegrams reached him not infrequently, the actual blow came when he least expected it. He had walked into class one morning and found there, on the *banc*, in front of him, a cablegram. He opened it: it was the news of his mother's death. He must have been caught breathless. But without wincing, he folded the cablegram, put it away, and sat through the class. The beadle, of course, was chagrined when he learned of his mistake in distributing the mail. And the saintly old Rector, the Père Henri Riondel, was profoundly sympathetic. But Father Dumas calmly accepted this lonely sacrifice which God had asked of him with a profound faith and sturdy strength of character.

No one can say that Father Dumas was not alert to the opportunities of circumstance. It happened that, as late as 1930, some of the French war veterans were enjoying the

privilege of advanced ordination to the priesthood at the end of second year of theology. Father Dumas was quick to realize that his own experience in the preparatory services of the armed forces of the U.S.A. might qualify him for the same privilege. And so it was that he was ordained at the end of the second year of theology, and to complete the opportunities, received permission to be ordained at Milltown Park, Dublin. His ordination took place on July 31, 1930. From that time on, he was ever the alert priest to assist, to counsel and to save any and all who came within his quick vision and needed his help as a priest. But he still had much work to be done in theology. While he always seemed so spontaneous, almost *prime-sautier,* in his ideas and actions, he had to an unusual degree the sense and habit of organizing his time for work and recreation in a very regular and consistent manner. And he was a hard worker. In the theologate at Fourvière there were three established times for rising in the morning: four-thirty-five for the ordinary community; five-twenty for those who had sick leave; and four o'clock for the hardy intellectuals, who had special permission to gain the extra time before class for study. Father Dumas never esteemed himself an intellectual, although he had better than ordinary ability in several lines, but he was practical and hardy enough to take advantage of the earliest hour of rising. The rest of his day went off regularly on a neatly ordered schedule, except for great suppleness in allowing for any charitable service he could render to fellow Americans or, in fact, to anyone else.

Père Joseph Neyrand of the Lyons Province had been a Scripture scholar of great promise, but had suffered a stroke and loss of speech. Strangely enough, his memory of English came back rather quickly, but he could not read. He loved English mystery stories and Father Dumas used to read to him faithfully every morning after the second class. Once in a while, the old man would come up to the top floor to tell him that he would not be in his room the following day, but really to have a little visit. Father Dumas always had some new and amusing stories for him. And before he left the house, Father Dumas made sure that there was someone to keep up the good practice. That was typical.

The year following theology, 1932-1933, he went to tertian-

ship at Saint Acheul, Amiens. He had been attracted there by the reputation of the instructor of tertians, Père Louis Poullier, and had probably asked for the appointment. He was not one to talk about his own spiritual life. Companions of his own time would have to surmise most of their knowledge of it from the way he worked at it. After tertianship he was always the Jesuit priest, whether at study, in a social gathering, or in a recreational group: he was vivacious according to his temperament, knowing, judicious, always charitable and never missing an opportunity to gather in a soul who needed help.

He had become acquainted with someone at the American College at Louvain, and was invited there to give the retreat to the seminarians. He went over to England for the Lenten ministries during tertianship and left a lasting memory with the pastor and younger priests at the parish in Wimbledon.

The years at Paris, 1933-1936, were in the same pattern of organization, except on a more mature and wider field. The work at the University of Paris resolved itself almost immediately to a matter of individual initiative, method and programming. The University, from an American student's point of view was a colossal *pot pourri* of professors, courses and students, out of which, on one's own initiative, one was expected to disengage enough to sustain himself throughout one of the most gruelling public examinations that a doctoral candidate has to face anywhere in the world. It did not take Father Dumas long to size up the situation, and, here, I think, he demonstrated perhaps his most salient ability, that of making judicious decisions.

It is not detracting in the least from Father Dumas's intellectual attainments to say that he was hardly cut out to be a research scholar, but it is a distinct tribute to his good judgment that he recognized clearly his own proper ability for the purpose he had in view. He very wisely found a professor to his choice and he did not allow himself to be directed or cajoled into a field of speculative controversies from which he might never extricate himself. He decided to work up an historical survey study of the *Journal de Trévoux,* the distinguished predecessor of the *Etudes.* He had available one of the three complete sets of the *Journal* known to be extant; the subject

was eminently agreeable to the authorities at the University; and Father Dumas had the free run of an unchartered field to set his own limits and to determine his own organization of the matter. As events proved, he did this to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

His method of working was something to observe. At Paris, he shared a small apartment on the Boulevard St. Germain, not far from the parent community of Rue de Grenelle, with the elderly and distinguished Père Pierre d'Armailhacq, who was, or had been, chaplain for the royal Bourbon family. He quickly ingratiated himself with the Father by his *savoir faire*, his gentle thoughtfulness and consideration. At the same time, he pitched into the library labor necessary for his thesis. He worked quickly and gave the impression of seizing what he was reading almost intuitively. He was impatient of slow reasoning or labored explanations, but it must be said to the credit of his intellectual ability that he achieved a surprising depth of perception and understanding in his work. While he might not have been fitted for the long haul of research work, he still had a remarkable flair for searching out obscure trails of literary allusions, persons and places related to the almost one hundred years of the *Journal*. Anyone who has had anything to do with the *fonctionnaires* and bureaux of the small towns of France will greatly appreciate the difficulties to be overcome in work of that kind. Father Dumas could not remain riveted to a desk. He would put in a good day's work with that rapid concentrated effort of his, and then as abruptly give himself a quick brush-up, put on his hat and be off to some appointment or other, from which he would return after dinner in the evening to sit down at the typewriter and complete the work he had planned for that day. It was in this way that he gave himself three months for the final organization of the material and composition of his thesis for the University. And he did it on schedule.

He lost no time in making a wide circle of friends among the Americans and the cosmopolitan personnel of the embassy social milieu in Paris, yet he was quick to single out of these gatherings the one person whom he could help in a priestly way. It was not surprising, when the international colony was planning the annual Thanksgiving services to be held at

the Madeleine Church, that Madame Jusserand, the widow of the famous ambassador of France to the United States, should ask Father Dumas to celebrate the Mass and to preach the sermon.

But Father Dumas was at his best when he was hustling about preparing something special and surprising for Ours. At Thanksgiving, one year, he had a group of American province men on hand and he organized a feast. It was a memorable occasion. Perhaps, this was all a sort of student trial run on his part for the later and much more serious work of university scholarship and administration, and of being Father Minister for seven years to perhaps the largest community in the Society of Jesus.

Fordham Years

In 1936, after having been abroad for eight years, Father Dumas returned to take up the not unexpected post of assistant professor of Romance languages, and, in 1937, to become chairman of the department of modern languages at the university which was to be his home until his death in 1958. In 1937 Father Robert I. Gannon, who was then President of the University, asked him to act as chairman of the important committee which was to submit a report on tenure, rank and salary, the first such report in the history of Fordham. This report, a splendid one, became the basis of an agreement with the faculty and was duly signed by the president in August, 1937.

Another momentous step in the history of Fordham was the transfer of the graduate school from the Woolworth Building in downtown New York to the newest and finest building on the campus, Keating Hall. Father Dumas was made dean of the rapidly expanding graduate school, succeeding the Reverend Lawrence A. Walsh, who had so successfully effected the transfer. During his busy and fruitful years as dean, from 1938 to 1951, Father Dumas manifested a fine talent for administration of the sort that does not neglect the heart in favor of the head. Moreover, he was a hard worker, with an admirable attention to detail and a satisfying ability to carry off public appearances in the grand manner. New professors were added to the Faculty, men and women who are still out-

standing in their respective fields: Dr. Nicholas F. Timasheff, Dr. Dietrich von Hildebrand, Dr. Charles C. Tansill, Dr. Anne Anastasi, Dr. Oscar Halecki, and others. In 1939 the graduate school sponsored its first summer school abroad when part of Fordham was transplanted to Grenoble, France. And *Thought*, the Quarterly of Fordham University, benefited from Father Dumas' wise decision to devote the whole time of one professor solely to editorial work. There were other benefits for Fordham, too, for instance, the Medieval Collections of the Library in whose favor he stimulated interest. He did not entirely neglect scholarship and he was in fact, a contributor to *Thought*, the *Dictionary of Literary and Dramatic Criticism*, and the *Catholic Historical Review*, as well as a member of various educational and learned societies.

But undoubtedly the principal contribution which Father Dumas made to Fordham by way of academic activity was his magnificent performance as director of the centenary celebration in 1941, "the best thing of its kind the Jesuits have ever put on in this country," as the Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., wrote in a letter to the author of this obituary. For an entire year the campus was the setting for a steady flow of activity, spiritual, academic and social. Beginning with September of 1940, no month went by without its academic notice of Fordham's one hundredth year. The programs of the lectures, papers, discussions, and gatherings were impressive, indeed, down to the final three days in September of 1941 during which dignitaries of Church, state, and the world of education were gathered together for a magnificent and memorable tribute to Fordham, past and present. The Holy Father was represented by the Apostolic Delegate, the president of the United States by the vice president, Henry Wallace, and there were present the Archbishop of New York, the governor of New York, the lieutenant governor, the secretary of state, the mayor of New York, eighteen archibishops and bishops, 92 college and university presidents, and "174 scholars (who) read and discussed original and important papers on everything from labor law to tectonophysics and Jordanus of Saxonia." (From the President's Report, 1941).

During all the years which Father Dumas spent at Fordham he was closely associated with Marymount College. He

had first met Mother Butler in Paris in 1935. A personal friendship began which deepened through the years, during which he often sought her advice and she, in turn, confided her problems to him. While in Paris he had found time to conduct an annual triduum for the American students of Marymount who were studying in Paris, as well as for the Catholic nurses of the American Hospital, many of whom were in dire need of counsel in their professional ethics.

Upon his return in 1936 Father Dumas was among the guests attending the ceremony formally opening Butler Hall, an important event in the annals of Marymount. It was important for Father Dumas too, for it enabled him to take up and continue his close friendship with Mother Butler, and, after her death, with the religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Marymount in Tarrytown and New York City and the high schools and parochial schools of the metropolitan area.

Father Dumas thoroughly appreciated Mother Butler's holiness and esteemed her Christlike charm, certain that she always brought him closer to God. On the day that Mother Butler died Father Dumas was at Marymount within the house of her death. Although his grief was apparent, he offered priestly consolation and calmly assisted with the funeral arrangements. His most recent letters to her were found in her desk where they still remain.

Between 1936 and his death in 1958 Father Dumas was a familiar visitor at Marymount. Several times he preached on founders' day, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The holy hours, which he conducted in preparation for the First Friday devotions, were usually given to the students in March; and on each November 13th, the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, patron of the novitiate, he would say Mass at the novitiate and later in the day give a conference on some virtue of the Jesuit novice's life. Copies of the conference were regularly sent to the young religious in all houses of the North American Province.

It was a sad day in 1957 when news reached Marymount that Father Dumas had suffered his first heart attack. There were many prayers for him, and there was a partial recovery. Father returned to Marymount for short visits, his last on

May 26th, 1958. It was evident that he was overjoyed to be back. He had a long talk with Reverend Mother General and, smiling and happy, he viewed the May Day procession and ceremonies. Two days later he was dead.

For seven years Father Dumas served as Minister of the Fordham community. Although the new post entailed the loss of the academic prestige usually accorded the dean of a graduate school, he did not waste time or energy in vain and unbecoming regrets, but proceeded to the new job with exemplary dispatch. He was a good minister, practical, efficient, generous, and he was understanding of the special problems of the sick. I doubt very much that anyone at Fordham was ever refused any reasonable request while Father Dumas was minister. What was not always noticed by all was the fact that he took unusual pains in the ordering of the meals, aiming at quality, variety, and, at times, even the exotic.

It is true that in the opinion of some Father Dumas isolated himself behind a wall of reserve, a sure sign of an unfriendly and frigid personality. But they were in error. The fact is that, although he did draw a line around himself beyond which not even his closest friends were allowed to go, this was in reality a guard, a preservative, which he felt to be necessary, of an important an intimate area of his personality. One lives the religious life according to objective principles and the light in which God allows one to see and understand them. It did not greatly perturb him that some found his mode of procedure disconcerting and irritating. He continued to live as he felt his religious life should be lived. It is certain, however, that he attempted to do too much too soon after his initial heart attack, and it was surely an error to take up the duties of the minister before he was required to and before he had fully recovered. But Father Dumas was not the sort of person to whom you could easily offer advice. With formidable determination he continued active, alert, and interested until his sudden and final attack.

It is here, at the most decisive moment of a man's life, that Father Dumas proved to the hilt the point that I have been trying to make. In the face of the terrifying reality of imminent death he remained calm and composed, not through stoicism or pride, but simply because he believed that death,

like life, was a thing to be planned for with intelligence, assented to with courage, and performed with as much dignity and self-possession as God in His mercy would allow.

I should like to mention one more fact. Father Dumas was the least sentimental of human beings. Consequently, he was not likely to welcome any manifestation of a personal and emotional kind in his regard. Nevertheless, I think it right to make one now for what it may be worth. I have said that when Father Dumas was a first year regent I was a senior in his class at St. Peter's Prep. I liked and admired him. He had a manly piety, he was a stimulating teacher, and he was leading with verve and evident happiness a genuinely useful and dedicated life. It seemed to me that this was an excellent thing and that I would like to lead just such a life. But in the casual and inexplicable fashion of youth I neglected to tell him that I was entering the Society after graduation, and in later years I never once mentioned to him the fact that his example had so strongly influenced me in my decision to become a priest and a Jesuit. I am sure he will not mind if I mention it now, in grateful remembrance, as a tribute of friendship and my *amende honorable.*

Father Laurence Kenny

John J. Keefe, S.J.

Two Fathers at the University, learning that Father Kenny was seriously ill, drove to Mount St. Rose Hospital the night of the feast of Holy Innocents to visit him. They found him weak but cheerful. Knowing his lifelong dread of dying without the ministration of a priest, they said the prayers for the dying, gave him absolution and the final blessing. He smiled his appreciation and tried to raise his enfeebled fingers folded over his crucifix to give his blessing to the visitors. A few minutes later he said his *Nunc Dimittis* and quietly went to his rich reward.

Within an hour the news of the death of the well-known priest was broadcast and his picture was shown on television.

The Associated Press released the news and newspapers in different cities printed the story of the death of the oldest Jesuit in the United States. The *New York Times* gave the obituary notice preferential space in its death columns.

With the death of Father Kenny an era ended in the Missouri Province. He was the final link with the twelve Jesuit founders of the province—he knew Father Verrydt the last of the twelve, who died in Cincinnati in 1883, the year Father Kenny entered Florissant. He was the last Missourian to study philosophy and theology at Woodstock between 1887 and 1899, among the first group to live in the newly opened theologate in St. Louis, the second Jesuit to be ordained in the college church, and the last of the group to die.

Father Kenny did not enjoy good health—he was bothered with a weak heart and chronic bronchitis. This prevented him from taking part in games as a scholastic. The haunting fear of a sudden death kept him close to his room as a priest. For many years he slept with his door open to call for help in the night. He would not leave the university except with a priest companion.

In spite of this drawback he spent fifty-seven years in the classroom, a record in the province, and seventy-five years in the Society. He lived two months beyond his ninety-fourth birthday.

Because of poor health, he interrupted his study of philosophy at Woodstock for two months, then taught six years in four academies and had a year of rest before theology. He was sent to Missoula, Montana, for his first year of theology, then to Woodstock for the second year, and to the newly opened theologate in St. Louis for the third year.

He cherished fond recollections of the friendships he formed at Woodstock and he would frequently mention the names of Villiger, O'Rourke and Wynne. He was deeply impressed by the innate courtesy of the Neapolitan Fathers who taught in the scholasticate there.

After tertianship at Florissant, he returned to spend the next fifty-seven years in St. Louis, except for a six-year interruption in Detroit.

His early assignments were varied. He taught in the Academy, was moderator of the Junior sodality, the first registrar,

the first publicity director, and the consultant of eleven presidents.

He expanded the publicity department by forming a writer's club among the scholastics. Whenever he discovered a newspaper item pertaining to the univeristy, he would make and distribute copies to the members of the club, who, in turn, would expand the clipping into a story. These stories were, then, distributed to Catholic papers to serve as fillers. Some of them found their way to the columns of *America.* He cultivated the friendship of newspapermen by telephoning information regarding the university. They discovered he was an authority on Catholic subjects. He delighted to tell how he once scooped the mighty *Post-Dispatch.* He was listening to the radio broadcast from Rome of the election of the pope. The name of the newly elected Pope had just been announced when his telephone rang. The caller, a reporter from the *Post Dispatch,* asked if Father Kenny thought the Jesuit Cardinal Boetto had a chance of being elected pope. With quiet reserve, Father Kenny answered that the Pope was elected, was Cardinal Pacelli and had taken the name of Pius XII. He enjoyed the excitement as the reporter shouted the news across the room.

As the university grew, Father Kenny was advanced to the college and appointed professor of history, moderator of the Senior sodality and of the debating society. He thus came in contact with hundreds of students, taught many of their sons and even some grandsons. Among others he taught three mayors and three generals. Outside the classroom, he came in contact with many more. They would come to him for counsel on personal problems, perhaps for confession, or just for a chat. Out-of-town visitors would come to renew friendship with the genial priest.

Saturday morning a line of diocesan clergy would form outside his room for confession. Each night he would hear confessions of the community; no matter how unwell he might feel, he would remain at his prie-dieu till the *De profundis* bell sounded. In the morning the altar boys would come from the sacristy to confess to this gentle priest. He himself made a practice of daily confession for many years.

Two instances will show the lasting influence he exerted on

his students. One of them during his four years at medical school visited Father Kenny each Saturday for confession. Another, an editor, sent him the daily paper for forty years, even during the six years he was absent from the city.

Blessed with a splendid memory for names, events and places, Father Kenny specialized in the history of the United States since the Civil War. He referred to his classes as "American history taught by an eyewitness." Because of the wide range of his knowledge, he was consulted by many writers, the late Father Garraghan among them. He had a way of inspiring students in the graduate department to undertake difficult assignments. He was ready to lend his help by showing how source material might be used. More than one book resulted from this encouragement.

He was among the early contributors to *America*. He wrote articles for the *Woodstock Letters* and other Catholic magazines. He was alert to point out inaccuracies that might crop out in books and articles.

As he approached his ninetieth birthday, he retired reluctantly from the classroom, but not to a well-deserved leisure. He turned his unusual energy into other channels and used his typewriter for his growing correspondence. He was meticulous in typing lengthy answers to greetings at Christmas and other seasons.

The last year, spent in a hospital, following his active life, was the difficult year. His devotion to prayer, especially to his rosary, won him grace to accept the trial with equanimity. This spirit made him a favorite with the hospital attendants who were always glad to serve him. Even in the hospital he did not remain idle. He was eager to discuss the activities of the university with visitors. He watched the television of the university basketball games and the football games of Our Lady's boys, as he called the Notre Dame squad. He waxed enthusiastic over the splendid showing of the Catholic grade schools in the weekly spelling matches.

He welcomed visitors, fellow Jesuits and laymen and heartened them by his unfailing spirit of cheerfulness. Then, quietly one night in late December, there came the last Visitor Whom he welcomed with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart—his King and Master whom he had served long and well.

Death Comes to Father Kenny

America's oldest Jesuit, Father Laurence J. Kenny, born Oct. 12, 1864; entered the Society of Jesus, July 21, 1883; died Dec. 28, 1958.

(Reprinted from *The Jesuit Bulletin*)

Sometimes saints "stick out," studded with burrs and spines of virtue. Father Laurence J. Kenny, S.J., who died last December 28, aged 94, was not such a man. His irresistible likeableness, stemming from vital, gracious charity, almost made one forget that everything about him that was good was Christian.

And those like myself who only knew him as an old man (his golden jubilee as a Jesuit was past, and he had just turned seventy when I met him) might be inclined to say that he had grown old gracefully except that his treasure of benign memories and host of friends from earlier years made it clear that he had been living gracefully for a long time.

Through more than a half century he taught at St. Louis University, sharing with innumerable students his devoted interest in the American Catholic heritage and heartening them with his encouragement. Hundreds of history teachers derived a good measure of their inspiration from his classes, and more than one substantial volume began as a research project under his direction. Perhaps the most impressive of these is the monumental genealogy of the Mudd family, researched for years by Father Kenny and completed by Dr. Richard D. Mudd, of Saginaw, Mich. Father Kenny's portrait as the frontispiece and Dr. Mudd's dedication of the volume to him eloquently testify to his contribution.

But Father Kenny's greatest distinction is not in the world of scholarship or the academic life. It is in the love he gave and received; he was, almost literally, everybody's friend. He coveted love. He prefaced a letter of criticism to a newspaper with these words: "In the Book of Proverbs, ix, 8, we read: 'Rebuke not a scorner, lest he hate thee. Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.' I covet your love. Here is my rebuke."

When he was an old man past ninety, time-worn and weary, as Margaret Bourke-White's lined and shadowed portrait testifies, when he might have been content to fondle "the memory of abundant blessings previously acquired," he remained as vitally interested in his friends, the fortunes of St. Louis University, the well-being of the American Church as he had always been. God's greater glory and the welfare of His Church were the objectives that unified and buttressed all his manifold interests. Anything whatever that in Father Kenny's eyes contributed to those objectives was important and estimable; virtually nothing else interested him. To all these things—people, events, institutions—he gave his devoted support and interest with the inconspicuous fidelity of a man whose eye is single.

FRANCIS J. CORLEY, S.J.

Books of Interest to Ours

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN ON EVOLUTION

The Phenomenon of Man. *By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, S.J.* Translated by Bernard Wall. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1959, Pp. 318. $5.00.

Father Teilhard's *Le Phénomène Humain* was published shortly after his death in 1955. This English edition comes at the time of renewed discussion on evolution occasioned by the Darwin centennial. Wall's translation, which is well done, is prefaced by a highly commendatory introduction by Sir Julian Huxley. However, Huxley's statement that evolution has no room for the supernatural will hardly induce Catholics to embrace T.'s ideas without reservation.

Certainly the supernatural presents a problem to T.'s remarkable synthesis of all reality based on the postulate of universal evolution, panpsychism and pan-noism. T. himself does not formally reject the supernatural. He insists that he is treating of man solely as a phenomenon, on the level of scientific observation. T.'s aim is to see, not to explain, to establish an experimental chain of succession in nature, not a union of ontological causality. He even claims that his theory postulates a transcendent deity and is most congenial to the supernatural.

Briefly, T.'s picture of the world is one of geogenesis, biogenesis, psychogenesis, hominisation, personalisation and finally of the genesis of a future super-consciousness. More briefly, he sees a grand orthogenesis of everything towards a higher degree of immanent spontaneity. Evolution in every form is primarily psychical transformation. Yet T. insists that within this continuity there is also a discontinuity. There is nothing, he feels, to prevent the thinker who adopts a spiritual explanation, for reasons of a higher order, from maintaining, under the phenomenal veil of a revolutionary transformation, whatever creative operation or special intervention he likes.

T.'s view of the world is predicated on what he calls the laws of complexification and interiorisation. Elemental matter strives to organize itself into more complex forms both in its exterior structure and also within, in its psychic face. Material synthesis or complexity and spiritual perfection or conscious centreity are but two aspects of the same phenomenon. In man, for the first time, instinct perceived itself in its own mirror. Self-consciousness was born. The indefinite development of the person is effected by the greater unification of mankind through love. T., however, sees no reason why some sort of primordial fall is not reconcilable with his view.

Scholastic philosophers and theologians will rebel. Though T. insists that he is not concerned with the ontological, it is difficult to accept his synthesis as a purely experimental one. The Scholastic ideas of matter and form and of fixed essences seem to be challenged. T.'s bow of

deference towards the supernatural will seem quite unfriendly to the inner orientation of his theory. Particularly hard to embrace will be his picture of the origin of man in a state quite different from what Catholic doctrine teaches of the state of original justice and Adam's preternatural gifts.

A lot of evolution would have to go on among Scholastics before T.'s universal evolution would be accepted as a new synthesis. T.'s views may prove to be the catalyst. EDWARD J. SPONGA, S.J.

A THEOLOGY OF ST. JOSEPH

Saint Joseph and Daily Christian Living. *By Francis L. Filas, S.J.* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1959. Pp. vii-182. $3.95.

Francis L. Filas, S.J., needs no introduction. His other books on St. Joseph and the parables and his writings on the Fatima Devotion are well known. In his latest book, the author treats of the incidents in St. Joseph's life and reflections flowing from them. They are based not on legends or pious fancy but on dogma and ascetical theology. He discusses the unique vocation of Joseph as the husband of Mary and "father" of the God-Man, the Saint's father, the tradition and the source of the old grandfather Joseph legend and his blooming staff, the true marriage to Mary and the spiritual fatherhood of Jesus, his trial at Mary's pregnancy, the birth of Jesus, the Magi and exile, his hidden life and death. The reflections are as carefully written as the theology: our faith, the goodness of marriage and of virginity, scrupulosity and guilt, emotional maturity, confidence in God, zeal, fear of death, the spirit of cheerfulness and gratitude.

Chapter XI is a collection of the major papal statements on St. Joseph, with a commentary on their historical context and explanations of the text pointing up emphases and inferences. Chapter XII deals with the theology of St. Joseph, so-called "Josephology," in a systematic study of the doctrinal claims concerning the Saint. In discussing the possible prerogatives of Joseph, namely, his immaculate conception, his sinlessness and his assumption, the author examines each on its own merits with the history, dogma and authentic documentation for each claim. The author denies Joseph's immaculate conception, but defends his sinlessness and his bodily assumption into heaven.

The author's exegesis of Matthew and Luke is scholarly but not weighed down by scholarship, and the reflections flow naturally from the Joseph-events. The book is a fine illustration of scholarship, insight, devotion, and a deep knowledge of theology. Its value and merits could not rest on a surer foundation. JOSEPH B. NEVILLE, S.J.

JUNGMANN ON CATECHETICS

Handing on the Faith. *By Josef Andreas Jungmann, S.J.* Translated by A. N. Fuerst. New York: Herder and Herder, 1959. Pp. XIV-445. $6.50.

To call this translation and adaptation of Father Josef Jungmann's book (German publication 1953) one of the basic works in our American

catechetical movement would be understatement. It should prove for some time to come the unique classic in English on the different phases of the catechetical problem. Nevertheless, *Handing on the Faith* does not claim to be the last word on catechetics, nor in this fast-moving field can it always be considered the most advanced word. Under its impetus, however, we can hope in America for a renewed vitality in facing a critical problem of Catholic education. Our gratitude is due to Monsignor Anthony Fuerst for presenting J.'s classic in English dress with a certain amount of helpful adaptation.

In J.'s opening chapter a necessary perspective is gained by contacting the purest currents of kerygmatic catechesis in the early days of the Church and then watching their ebb and flow in history, through the impoverishing era of post-Reformation polemics down to our own day. The reader breaks out of the limited catechetical vision so prevalent today to realize with J.: "It is not sufficient that the content of faith be precisely presented in full detail; it must be imparted so that it appears in all its forcefulness as a synthesis and is appreciated as a "message" (a kerygma) in all its beauty and in all its supernatural sublimity."

The remaining seven chapters of the book fit into the framework outlined by J. in his introduction: "We shall turn our attention to the individual factors of catechesis: those who present it, the catechists; those who receive it, the catechumens; and its purpose: the effective transfer of the catechetical subject matter by the catechist to the catechumen." In Chapter II J. is much concerned to give priest, religious, and layman a sense of high calling in their catechetical mission while in Chapter III he assembles within thirteen thought-provoking pages (pp. 79-91) a number of psychological insights into the child-mind as it has been newly discovered in our century. J.'s development here is necessarily brief, particularly on adolescence, but he makes us aware of the impact of religious psychology upon catechetics. Chapter IV is pivotal in the book, for at the outset it endeavors to pinpoint the unique nature of the catechetical task. For an uninitiated American audience this section (pp. 92-97) could be more fully developed and perhaps more clearly expressed. J. here differentiates the ideal of religious education to Catholic living from ordinary instruction imparting mere knowledge. The chapter then continues with a breakdown of the catechetical content materials: scripture, liturgy, systematic doctrine, all of which are necessary for effectively "handing on the Faith." He opts for concurrent rather than successive treatment, with Christ as the central focus of the synthesis, thus motivating the will as well as informing the mind. Chapter VI moves into the area of general methodology and is rich with pedagogical insight, while Chapter VII handles more specialized questions (visual aids, moral sense, training in prayer). Chapter VIII approaches problems at various age-levels (First Communion, Confirmation, high schools). Some of the latter materials, particularly the section on training in chastity, could be still further adapted to our American scene. The appendices fill out our understanding of catechetical tra-

ditions with the history of the kerygma and kerygmatic theology.

The index of persons and subjects is excellent, as is the wealth of references from J.'s German edition, which are supplemented by added English titles. One last note: If readers lacking competent direction should find the book dense and difficult, it should be borne in mind that its complexity mirrors the catechetical task which we in America have so long oversimplified.

VINCENT M. NOVAK, S.J.

HISTORY AND DOCTRINE OF THE PRIESTHOOD

What Is A Priest? *By Joseph Lécuyer, C.S.Sp.* Translated by Lancelot C. Sheppard. New York: Hawthorn Books, 1959. Pp. 126. $2.95.

This book is a translation of the twenty-third volume of the projected 150 volumes in *The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia Of Catholicism*, edited in France by H. Daniel-Rops. The essay exhibits the sound scholarship which the editor promises in his advertising blurbs. Fr. Lécuyer constructs most of the treatise from original sources. His seven main divisions are: The Apostles, The Bishops As Their Successors, The Priesthood, The Diaconate, Lower Orders, Celibacy and The Priesthood Of The Faithful. Within each division the subject receives a genetic historical treatment by the method of weaving into the text most of the important source material.

The detailed examination and explanation of the subdiaconate and minor orders deserves special attention and commendation. Probably the most interesting section are the twenty-six pages devoted to The Priesthood Of The Faithful. The author distinguishes carefully and accurately between the errors of the Reformers on this subject and the traditional Catholic position. Much of the Catholic viewpoint is derived from Pope Pius XII's encyclical, *Mediator Dei*. But the author also traces this belief throughout the Old Testament, the first Epistle of Peter, the letters of Paul, and the gospel, epistles and Apocalypse of John, and shows its doctrinal pertinence to the sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. While this is the most stimulating part of the essay, the other sections are as accurate and interesting.

The translator deserves praise for his effort; the little book reads quite easily. Some minor negative comments might be made. On p. 71 the Council of Benevento which influenced Hugh of St. Victor's thought on the subdiaconate took place in 1091, not 1901; this is obviously a printer's error. Also it is better style to refer to a Papal encyclical by its first two Latin words; thus we should read *Mediator Dei* for *Mediator* on pp. 121 and 122. But these are small errors in an otherwise excellent synthetic presentation of the doctrine on the Catholic priesthood.

EDMUND G. RYAN, S.J.

MEN, WOMEN, MARRIAGE

And God Made Man and Woman. *By Lucius F. Cervantes, S.J.* Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1959. Pp. xi-275. $4.00.

The purpose of the author is to correct three types of sexual ignorance: (1) the ignorance of those parents who are unable or unwilling to give

proper sex instruction to their children; (2) the ignorance of those who follow an academic "sexual outlet" theory according to which not only extra-marital but even homosexual sex contacts are part of the normal pattern of human conduct; (3) the ignorance of those who seek to deny or deemphasize the physical, emotional, psychological, and religious differences between man and woman, and present a monosexual interpretation of them that has far-reaching and disastrous consequences for husband and wife, their children, and society itself.

The first part of the book deals with characteristic qualities of the sexes, and with their physical, emotional, psychological, and religious differences. These five chapters are a coldly objective and scientific mashalling of facts to prove how many, how varied, and how characteristic are the differences between man and woman on these four levels. Throughout this part there is an insistence on the biocultural or biosocial basis of these differences, that offers a biological foundation and incentive for the distinctive mode of thinking, feeling, and acting of the two sexes without necessarily determining them in one particular direction. The author proves conclusively that results have always been pernicious for those who acted according to the tenets of the cultural or environmental school. This section is not a mere mechanical array of boring details. Apart from the fact that the data are interesting in themselves, they are presented in a language that is happily free from the sociological jargon that makes one skip page after page in so many works of this type.

Of greater importance are the last three chapters that explain the consequences of the facts already provided. First, the consequences on the interpersonal level provide a great variety of sound practical suggestions that will give married couples an understanding of their differences and thus help them adjust to a mutual harmonious relationship with themselves and with their children. Priests, educators, and counsellors will find this section of great value.

In considering the consequences of the difference of the sexes on the institutional level, the author uses his facts to prove that science demands monogamy as the institutionalized family pattern that alone can rear properly the children that are the fruit of their sexual differences. The results of many research projects are offered to show the different rate and level of advance in the physical, emotional, and psychological spheres when children are brought up in an institution, when the help of "Pharaoh's daughter" is called upon, when foster parents are provided outside an institution, and when the child is brought up surrounded with the loving care that only a mother and father can provide. This chapter provides a generous array of facts to buttress our arguments for the perpetuity of the marriage bond and against divorce and remarriage.

The final chapter explains and evolves the notion of the essential complementarity of the sexes. The mystery of love is seen in this, that two people, each an independent and equal person, must seek each other for their fulfillment, for the realization of the higher nonselfish motivations of physical, emotional, intellectual, and supernatural love.

Father Cervantes has given us a work of convincing, gracious, and scholarly distinction.

JOSEPH DUHAMEL, S.J.

CHURCH LAW ON MARRIAGE

Nullity of Marriage. *By F. J. Sheed.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1959. Pp. xi-132. $3.00.

One of the most difficult of pastoral tasks is translating the law of the Code into language intelligible to the average Catholic. Although we may thoroughly understand the intricacies of a marriage case, it is quite another thing to explain it to someone with no background in canon law. This book is directly concerned with the law of the Code which deals with the invalidity of marriage. The author first discusses the nature of marriage as found in the Code and then distinguishes between divorce and nullity. After listing the grounds of nullity under the following four headings: a) what was agreed to was not marriage; b) the parties were not free to marry; c) the parties did not consent; d) there was a defect of form; he discusses each in detail. The author gives a simple explanation of the law with a large number of illustrative cases. Of special interest is the comparison made throughout with the comparable law of England and New York State. The too frequent use of parenthetic expressions is the one drawback in a book otherwise well-done.

DANIEL J. O'BRIEN, S.J.

THEOLOGY OF THE EXERCISES

All My Liberty: Theology of the Spiritual Exercises. *By John A. Hardon, S.J.* Westminster, Md.: Newman Press, 1959. Pp. xxii-207. $3.75.

Father Hardon, author of the well-known "The Protestant Churches of America," first gives a commentary on the key meditations of the Exercises: Foundation, Sin, Kingdom, Two Standards, Three Classes, Three Modes of Humility, the Election, Contemplation for Obtaining Divine Love. The second part of the book is devoted to the Examens, Prayer, the Mysteries of the Life of Christ, Rules for Discernment of Spirits and Rules for Thinking with the Church. Two appendices, one giving the text of the meditations already commented on, the other giving Pius XI's Apostolic Constitution of July 22, 1922, and an index, complete the book.

In his commentary H. quotes particularly from St. Thomas, Suarez, Roothaan, *Monumenta Ignatiana*, as well as from St. Augustine, St. Francis de Sales and St. Alphonsus Ligouri. The commentary is uniformly instructive and solid. He emphasizes the apostolate in explaining the Kingdom, Two Standards and Three Modes, and shows the role of reparatory love in the Third Mode. Particularly full are his explanations of the value of abiding sorrow for sin, temptations, merit, the need of holiness in apostolic workers, the place of the Cross in the apostolate, love of God, desolation and consolation. In treating of the last subjects it might perhaps have been useful to refer to de Guibert's emphasis on studying the finality or effects of impulses rather than their origin.

For one who has studied philosophy and theology H. will be readily

understood. For others the abstract and sometimes technical language may be somewhat difficult, and they may desire a greater use of Scripture. Ours will certainly find H. a welcome addition to the historic commentators, and be stimulated to further study of the Exercises.

WILLIAM GLEASON, S.J.

IGNATIAN SPIRITUALITY

Mi Ser y mi Destino. *By L. M. Estibalez, S.J.* Bilboa: El Mensajero del Corazon de Jesus, 1958. Pp. 312.

Espiritu de San Ignacio de Loyola. *By Ignacio Iparraguirre, S.J.* Bilbao: El Mensajero del Corazon de Jesus, 1958. Pp. 206.

The collection 'Espiritualidad Ignaciana' presents us with its two first volumes, both directed towards better understanding of the inexhaustible Ignatian vein.

Father L. M. Estibalez divides his book into two parts. In the first part, entitled My Being, he undertakes the difficult task of summarizing the different psychosomatic elements which integrate our complex human personality. Due to the variety of viewpoints which Father Estibalez takes into consideration, his synthesis results in a rather static encyclopedia of notions and concepts. Undoubtedly, however, it is to Father Estibalez's credit that he has brought to the consideration of directors of retreats some aspects of human psychology which are intimately connected with the spiritual life and from which the directors cannot prescind, since their task is to bring about the salvation of men rather than the salvation of mere disincarnated souls. In the second part of his book, under the title of My Destiny, Father Estibalez, in an enlightening development of the Principle and Foundation of the Spiritual Exercises, brings up some questions over which men of all times have pondered.

Father Ignacio Iparraguirre, well-known for his profound researches, has written an excellent study on the spirituality of St. Ignatius as seen in thousands of letters written by the Saint in the course of his life. Father Iparraguirre's study has, as one of its values, the direction of our attention to those letters in which the Saint has left the indelible mark of realism and spontaneity, which until the present time have scarcely been considered and studied. Father Iparraguirre's book offers us aspects of that inexhaustible font which is Ignatian spirituality. St. Ignatius' attitude towards suffering, his ardent love of truth, his deep realism, his identification of love and service of Jesus Christ with that of the Church, are some of the facets reviewed with an intelligent and loving understanding.

FRANCISCO P. NADAL, S.J.

RELIGION AND PSYCHIATRY

Love or Constraint? *By Abbé Marc Oraison, D.D., M.D.* Translated by Una Morrissy. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 1959. Pp. 172. $3.75.

The French edition of this work was published during the past year. We can be grateful for this translation since Abbé Oraison is not a new figure in the running dialogue over the interaction of religion and psy-

chiatry. In his dual role of priest and psychiatrist, Oraison discusses a question of vital interest to those concerned with the religious and spiritual formation of youth.

With great skill and competence, Oraison interweaves two major themes into the structure of this work. He presents an account of the complex development of the personality of the child. His orientation is psychoanalytic and the best part of the presentation evolves around the Oedipal relations and the effects they have on the child's developing emotional life. The other predominant theme involves the specifically Christian motif of religion, morality and spiritual values. These extremely difficult questions are discussed with rare perception. The book thus provides a competent and popular re-assertion of a badly needed emphasis.

Such a recommendation in matters so crucial should not be proposed without certain reservations. Two observations might be made which bear on Abbé Oraison's presentation: (1) The book is a popularized discussion. We must remember that the psychoanalytic framework in which the analysis is elaborated is structured out of pathological data. It is very likely legitimate to infer from such data that all or most of normal human behavior is at least in part unconsciously motivated. But there is always danger, even among professionals and *a fortiori* among non-professionals, to project the pathological elements of the data into the conception of normal personality. The non-professional may succumb to this temptation and interpret some the Abbé's remarks in this light. (2) The Abbé's manner of presentation can leave the impression that his title "Love or Constraint" is intended as an "either/or," that religious education is a matter of either the mature love which engenders a true love of God, or the erection of taboos and undesirable motives which terminate in neurotic (or at least unconscious) fears which are directed toward God as a punishing or threatening father-figure. We may wonder whether this is really the available choice. Would we not prefer to say that it is the proper interaction of mature love and disciplinary constraint which permits the personality to develop its best religious potentialities? We can hardly fail to admit with Oraison that love and permissiveness are too often neglected elements in the educative process. But we must also recognize that the Christian life of virtue is a life of discipline and denial. Perhaps the title of this book should have been "Love *and* Constraint." It is the *and* that makes all the difference. Christian morality cannot be raised on a substructure of the Freudian ethic.

W. W. Meissner, S.J.

RELIGION IN THE STATE UNIVERSITY

Religion and the State University. *Edited by Erich A. Walter.* Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1958. Pp. vi-321. $6.50.

In virtue of the much misunderstood first amendment, the order of public law which we call the state has decreed that it should be indifferent to the cause of religion, and hence the much quoted principle "separation of Church and state," has been extended by U. S. higher

education to read "separation of Church and state *university*, as well." But whereas the state as a body politic cannot champion religion, the state university, educating human persons in a free society and responsible for more than one half of our nation's higher education, cannot ignore religion. Universities are committed to students and many students are committed to religion; more specifically, they are Protestants, Catholics and Jews who believe in God. Religion can never be irrelevant to the process of cultivating the mind and elevating the spirit which we call higher education. How reconcile this dilemma?

The present collection of essays is an attempt to discuss the dilemma. In a cooperative effort, twenty prominent American educators and churchmen speak to students in these state universities and to all those associated with them: parents, churchmen, teachers, guidance counselors, and college administrators.

The editor has divided the essays in terms of what state universities have done, should do, and are doing to meet the problem of religion in higher education. In the *Setting*, a representative of each faith discusses the making of our pluralistic society. Father J. C. Murray, S.J., presents the Catholic view, Will Herberg the Jewish view and R. Bainton the Protestant view. P. G. Kauper of the University of Michigan writes an interesting legal history of the separation principle in U. S. law. In the second section, *Religion and University Education*, T. M. Greene discusses the role of religion as a truly humanizing, necessary part of a liberal education, while G. Shuster of Hunter College pleads for religious instruction at the same high level of intellectual quality that the student receives in professional studies. "How else," he asks, "can the professional student rise above religious rusticity?" In the concluding section entitled *The Community—Campus Life*, various authors discuss campus religious centers, interreligious programs (e.g., Religious Emphasis Week) and specific religious problems that face the average student and his counselor.

There are some passages that will distress Catholic readers: the charge of dogmatism, the apparent antinomy of academic freedom and self-evident principles, the dichotomy of the truth of revelation and the truth of experience. These misunderstandings are themselves eloquent arguments for the necessity of religious education and mutual understanding. At first reading the book may appear to be nothing but a welter of complexities and confusions emanating from a situation fraught with insurmountable difficulties for churchmen and educators alike, but it is only from the starting point of an awareness of the problems that we can possibly reach the goal of solution. JAMES A. O'DONNELL, S.J.

THE AMERICAN PARISH

The Living Parish. *By Leo R. Ward, C.S.C.* Notre Dame: Fides Publishers Association, 1959. Pp. xvi-191. $3.95.

The publications of Notre Dame's Fides press have provided one of the more helpful contributions to Catholic life in our generation. A worthy addition to their line is this series of reports on living parishes by

a veteran and very knowledgeable observer of apostolic movements and developments. Now that the Catholic world is showing some signs of reawakening to the vital, we might almost say essential, role of the parish in the life of the Church today, we are on the lookout for illustrations of successful know-how in realizing parochial potentialities. Father Ward's reports make us grateful beneficiaries in this respect.

Ten lively chapters recount his own personal observations in a dozen or more parishes in almost as many dioceses around the United States. Each parish was chosen because of its distinctive and exemplary achievements, and each clearly merits the designation, "living parish." Two of them exemplify extraordinary organization of the laity in extensive and varied parochial administration, thus freeing the priests for peculiarly priestly work; another spells out the growth of vibrant community life among a people united around the altar of God; another shows the gains won by the Young Christian Workers; others the remarkably effective and efficient administration of laity-involved released time religious instruction; others the apostolic victory of racal integration; another is almost literally all things—material and spiritual—to its predominantly poor membership; another realizes almost the very ideal of liturgy, the community of worship; another typifies the rich communal closeness of the relatively few but still numerous pockets of Catholic rural America; and another the linked possibilities of credit union and communion table.

Even when we discount the glitter of a certain amount of more or less evident gold-plating, we have to be impressed with the pioneering and rationally conceived achievements of these parishes. Parochial apostles, clerical and lay, will find Father Ward's pages fertile with tested ideas and techniques. Incidentally, his brief introductory chapter offers a particularly fine stroke of socio-historical analysis of the Church in America—its sources, new developments and remaining problems.

My strictures on *The Living Parish* are but two. First, it tells of living parishes, many different ones with different degrees of vitality, yet none is explicitly presented as involved in the social apostolate and community reform. Obviously this must be part of the parish's leavening presence in a neighborhood. Second, Father Ward seems to be unduly infected with a kind of hyper-optimism, for his parishes are incomparably superior to most of the other 17,000 parishes in the country, and our battle with secularism, necessarily to be fought on the parish level, is still not notably a winning endeavor.

One may hope with some optimism that this heartily recommended book will help some of the lagging parishes to move into the footsteps of the trail blazers reported in its pages. JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER, S.J.

OUR LADY APPEARS

Catherine Labouré and the Modern Apparitions of Our Lady. *By Abbé Omer Englebert.* Translated by Alastair Guinan. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons, 1959. Pp. 243. $3.95.

The life of Catherine Labouré, the historical background of the

devotion of the Miraculous Medal, and the resultant miracles and conversions, fittingly comprise the first part of the book. A whole chapter is devoted to the fascinating conversion-story of Alphonse Ratisbonne, dandy and atheist, who became Père Marie-Alphonse, the beggar-priest. The second part is devoted to a summary account of the subsequent apparitions of Our Lady at La Salette, Lourdes, Pontmaine, Pellevoisin, Fatima, Beauraing, and Banneux. In the third part, the Abbé Englebert treats of the significance of these apparitions; how together they form one integral message and how these apparitions prove Our Lady as bound to the great human family as was Jehovah to the people chosen of old.

One cannot but feel grateful to the Abbé Englebert for this charming story of the "Saint of Silence" and the message of Rue du Bac. Both story and message are deftly told and the translation is not remiss. Sodality moderators will be doubly grateful.

Alfredo G. Parpan, S.J.

RETREATS AND RETREAT MASTERS

How to Give a Retreat. *By Ignatius Iparraguirre, S.J.* Translated by Angelo Benedetti, S.J. Bombay: St. Xavier's High School. 1959. Pp. 188.

Retreat Notes For Religious. *By Edward Leen, C.S.Sp.* New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 1959. Pp. xi-142. $3.50.

Father Iparraguirre explains his purpose in the preface of his little book, showing that it is intended primarily for those who are interested in the mechanics of giving a retreat to laymen. It is detailed throughout with regard to the lessons to be drawn, the mechanical (if that word may be used) aspects to be used in achieving the results desired. Taking a five day retreat as his model, he carefully outlines each step of the way, yet he manages to leave a great deal to the retreat master, so that his scheme is by no means inflexible. Some of the suggestions, such as the one for hearing the retreatants' confessions in the individual's room, and the idea of constant visits by the retreat master, have great merit, as one ponders them over more carefully. The young retreat master can gain some excellent advice from these pages, and the veteran will be helped by examining the suggestions in the light of his own practice. Retreat house directors could also benefit by some of the suggestions, although the idea of a full five days for retreat seems to be unlikely of fulfillment in America for some time to come. Father Iparraguirre's ideas have the delightful combination of solidity and freshness, and I would heartily recommend the book to veteran and prospective retreat masters.

Father Leen's book, evidently a transcript of the notes of his last retreat to a community of nuns, preparing for mission work, contains a great deal of the solid spirituality that is found in his other works. The conferences show an attempt to lead the hearers (and the readers) in a persistently progressive way to follow along the way of Christ. Nor is Father Leen content with theory alone, but constantly goes from

the virtue to the practice. This book is primarily for religious, but there is no doubt that pious lay men and women who have begun the practice of mental prayer, or who have been in the habit of making annual retreats thoughtfully and prayerfully, could derive great benefit from the conferences.

In a biographical note at the beginning of the book, Father R. F. Walker gives a brief picture of the author. It is an inspiring delineation of a man who gave of himself unsparingly for Christ, and shows that this book, as well as Father Leen's other excellent works, were written from the deep spirituality of the man. WILLIAM F. GRAHAM, S.J.

A NON-CATHOLIC LOOK AT CATHOLICS

American Catholics, A Protestant-Jewish View. *By Stringfellow Barr, Robert McAfee Brown, Arthur Cohen, Rabbi Arthur Gilbert, Martin Marty and Allyn Robinson.* With an afterword by Gustave Weigel, S.J. Ed. Philip Scharper. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1959. Pp. 235. $3.75.

It is very popular in American circles to speak of the image of a person or event, or even of a corporation or country. The image is a complexus of the general and particular impressions that arise spontaneously when confronted by the object in question. The subjective response may grow out of inadequate knowledge and false appearances but it is nonetheless very real and cannot be discarded in any cavalier fashion. It does little good to question the objective accuracy of the prevalent image by recourse to objective values. If one's enemy possesses a distorted image, you may wonder about his sincerity and honesty, but if a friend possesses an inadequate image, there is usually some foundation in fact. It is inevitable that false impressions will be created because of the failure to give full, true and consistent witness to the reality in question.

Six friends have written about the image of the Catholic Church in America as it appears to non-Catholics. There are many fears and suspicions about the Church which provoke searching questions. We cannot ignore the questions because they have been prompted by what some of us have said and by what some of us have done. We can benefit from the candid and frank appraisal of our friends by thoughtful reflection on the issues that have been raised. Too often the light of the Catholic witness is tinted and tainted by misrepresentation and unnecessary allegiances. If the Church is rejected for what she truly is, we can have hope in the mystery of grace. But if the Church is repudiated because of false identifications and inaccurate displays of Catholic claims then the fault lies within our immediate family and calls for more faithful witness to the Church as she really is.

The issues discussed in this book are both religious and cultural. Robert McAfee Brown and Arthur Cohen analyze theological questions which divide Protestants, Catholics and Jews. No facile solutions are offered, but an earnest plea is made for an exchange of ideas, for greater clarification of the conflicting positions and for more sympathetic under-

standing of the other's theological conviction. This call for dialogue among Catholics and non-Catholics would involve professional theologians and educated laymen. The writers claim that many Catholics fear that they will make implicit concessions through such participation and thus have prevented the healthy communication so necessary for proper understanding.

Most of the other issues raised by the contributors are on the cultural level. Martin Marty speaks of the question of authority as the one real issue dividing us. Rabbi Arthur Gilbert is alarmed by the problem of Catholic power and the fear of imposing sectarian Christianity on Jewish children. Brown highlights the Protestant fear of the 'monolithic structure image' of the Catholic in which the transference of dogmatic certitudes to areas of the situational and circumstantial injects the suspicion of unrealistic intrusions into politics and cultural affairs.

The American problem of pluralism is touched by all the writers. Allyn Robinson sees exchange and dialogue as essential to the healthy airing of differences in a pluralistic society. He describes Catholic aloofness and complacency in areas of common interest. Moreover, he offers ground rules for dialogue which no Catholic could reject. To quote a few: "We are not assuming that one religion is as good as another. We recognize our disagreements to begin with." Or, "We come together as religious persons, and not as faiths."

Stringfellow Barr and Robert McAfee Brown underscore the lack of self-criticism among Catholics. The wide areas of freedom are not known by most non-Catholics. The prevalent image is one of a party line in most matters. Yet the difficulty of knowing who represents the Church as spokesman is indicated by several of the contributors.

Very practical issues are raised about Church and State, federal aid to parochial schools, and other sociological and political items. We recommend a perusal of the book for a fair understanding of the problems indicated and the context within which they are discussed. Its chief value is in the honesty of each essayist. Brown and Barr show a deep understanding of Catholic positions. Robinson, Marty and Gilbert give emphasis to the sociological reality of the Church on the American scene. Cohen and Brown, and in part Marty, indicate doctrinal differences with frank perspicacity. As a result, there is ample material for reflection on what others have to say of us. CARROLL J. BOURG, S.J.

CONFLICTING VIEWS ON RELIGION'S ROLE

Religion In America: Original Essays on Religion in a Free Society. *Edited by John Cogley.* New York: Meridian Books, Inc., 1958. Pp. 288. $1.45.

Eleven outstanding representative thinkers of Protestantism, Catholicism, Judaism, and various shades of unbelief have contributed these essays based on talks given last year at a seminar on Religion in a Free Society. In order that such a dialogue be fruitful, its participants, as Father J. Courtney Murray notes in the first essay, must agree on "a structure of basic knowledge, an order of elementary affirmations that

reflect realities inherent in the order of existence." Precisely in these fundamental presuppositions lie the real differences among the contributors. So while ostensibly the discussion concerns tangible problems of education, censorship, the roles and relationship of Church and State, each participant sees the issues in terms of his own view of truth. Is truth an absolute "given" in the order of existence to which I actively submit, or do I dominate and evolve it by mutual discussion and trial?

This question of fundamental orientation is ultimately not a matter of demonstration, but of personal option before God. So where Wilbur Katz sees that government support of religion is sometimes the only way not to unduly favor secularism, Leo Pfeiffer sees this same support as "the vestiges of the extreme intervention into religious affairs by the Continental Congress"; where Will Herberg sees the private schools as "thoroughly public" in the service they render, Reinhold Niebuhr sees them as a dangerous deviation from the American "principle of the common school". While Father Walter Ong affirms that democratic dialogue can only begin when each one is fully himself as an individual person, James Nichols contends that the private schools' refusal to submit their commitments to the ultimate critique of public discussion is a withdrawal from democratic dialogue. One could also contrast Father Weigel's plea that the Church will best help the State by being completely herself, and Paul Tillich's time-worn fear about a "foreign" Church organizing voters by playing on their "guilt feeling about taboos," or Abraham Heschel's prophetic cry for a renewed sensitivity regarding right and wrong, with Stringfellow Barr's concern that the voter however immature be not protected in any way from what is morally harmful to him. Even though these conflicting views should not be contrasted in such a clear-cut way; yet, this very contrast serves to point up the book's main attraction: a rare insight into the profound and startlingly passionate differences which the surface civility of our pluralistic society manages to disguise.

EDWARD V. STEVENS, S.J.

HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY

History of Philosophy, Vol. II. *By Johannes Hirschberger.* Translated by Rt. Rev. Anthony Fuerst. Milwaukee: Bruce, 1959. Pp. viii-752. $9.50.

This volume is divided into modern European, contemporary and American philosophy. The first part closes with Hegel; contemporary thought includes materialism, phenomenalism, phenomenology, and existentialism. The thirty-one chapters indicate the author's evaluation: they range from a two page chapter on neo-positivism to sixty-six pages on Kant's idealism alone. Part three, "American Philosophical Thought and the Western Tradition," by Professor Gallagher of Villanova University, is a welcome addition to the original since such a concise presentation is not readily available. Dr. Hirschberger is not as thorough with non-German modern philosophers; he dispatches W. James with the comment, "if we compare him (James) with Friedrich Lange, we can discover no original thoughts in his works."

The author's fundamental attitude is that no viewpoint should be fixed; divergent theories mutually correct one another; the mind must be open to the philosophical spirit. We find here a certain Heideggerian *Offenständigkeit* but in this case the dialectical development is a moment within an absolute truth. He holds strongly to continuity: Spanish Scholasticism furnished many roots of modern philosophy, Descartes is linked to Cusanus and Suarez and hence the great systems from Descartes to Hegel are rooted also in the past. Moreover, Nietzsche called Kant a disguised Scholastic, and existentialism, which supposedly goes against everything, has Pascal as its forerunner. Kant and German idealism is part of the great metaphysical, Platonic tradition and this idealism's contribution must not be lost to Catholic thought. "Perhaps a remedy is not required (for idealism), merely a more correct interpretation. In this work we have tried to show how it should be interpreted." In German existentialism, it has experienced a revival; it is the same force conditioned by time. Opponents of existentialism see nothing but an intellectual fad; however, contemporary man has a much greater understanding than his predecessors of the role of history in life and the importance of the individual and of the evolutionary processes. Blondel's philosophy "could be a monitor in the solution of the problems which the philosophy of life and the philosophy of existence frequently pose."

This second volume seems superior to the first in its ability to see through complex systems. The work makes one pause and evaluate the roots and tendencies of our own times. More than forty pages of indices are an aid to the problematical study of thought for which this book is an excellent guide. ROBERT H. COUSINEAU, S.J.

THE METAPHYSICS OF PLATO

An Approach to the Metaphysics of Plato through the Parmenides. *By William F. Lynch, S.J.* Washington, D. C.: Georgetown University Press, 1959. Pp. xiii-255. $6.00.

This is not an easy book to read. But for those willing to follow carefully its argumentation it will prove richly rewarding in its insights into both the general metaphysics of Plato and the single dialogue *Parmenides.*

The concluding chapter presents a summary of Platonic metaphysics gleaned from the *Parmenides.* Participation emerges clearly as Plato's central doctrine and is defined as "that status of an entity according to which its reality is preserved without adding anything whatsoever to the being which is its source" (p. 250). This concept can be fruitfully applied in six key areas: in the organic interplay between the good and the ideas, in the structural composition of each idea, in the order of definition, in the internal reality of the sensible, in the relationship of the sensible order with the ideas, and in the philosophic nature of the number series.

These are conclusions drawn from the main portion of the book, which is a detailed investigation of the eight hypotheses of the

Parmenides. Father Lynch's main thesis is: "There is a positive effort on the part of every hypothesis to build up all the wide-ranging elements of a total metaphysics of all unity and all being" (p. 18). This is a thoroughgoing metaphysical approach, opposed, in various ways, to anti-Eleatic, Neoplatonic, Hegelian, and logical approaches. It is an approach also opposed to the metaphysical position of Cornford, who denies that the first hypothesis is positive in meaning.

Briefly, Father Lynch analyzes the eight hypotheses as follows: the first is completely affirmative and states that any one in any order contains a principle of complete unity and indivisibility; the second studies a one as a composition of parts; the third presents the theory of unification, *viz.*, the self-identity, limit, and precise relation to the other parts of everything in the many comes from the one; the fourth considers the indeterminate, and concludes that in every entity there is only one principle of unity from which even the multiple aspects proceed; the fifth inserts relative non-being into the heart of being and makes multiplicity possible; the sixth asserts that nothing can be predicated of nothing; the seventh parries the nonphilosophical mind which does not acknowledge an indivisible principle in every entity and yet tries to hold on to definite multiplicity and parts; the eighth concludes that the one is so much the source of the being of the many that without it the many could not be in any way.

The final five pages contain a good selected bibliography. Each chapter is preceded by a fine summary which helps distinguish the one central idea from the many considerations discussed. It is regrettable that the book has no index, but perhaps this will be remedied in a revised edition.

Possibly the most balanced evaluation of the book is that of Professor Whitney Oates: "It is obvious that not every scholar will be persuaded by Father Lynch's carefully articulated argument. On the other hand, I do not think that any scholar will examine the *Parmenides* in quite the same way after he has studied carefully this new commentary."

RICHARD E. DOYLE, S.J.

MEDITATIONS IN JOY

Joy in the Faith: Meditations. *By Auguste Valensin, S.J.* Translated by Alastair Guinan. New York: Desclee Co., 1959. Pp. 435. $4.00.

Translated from the posthumous French edition of 1954, we are assured that while, "in order to present these meditations in a way which will make them most useful to English and American readers, it has been deemed necessary at times to take some slight liberties in the translation," no substantial modifications have been introduced into the expression of the author's thought. During the years 1937, 1938 and 1939 Valensin kept a spiritual journal, and, without thought of publication, and as occasion offered and time permitted, he jotted down some two hundred entries pertaining to his prayer-life. The subjects vary from day to day, conformably to the inspiration of a special occasion or in harmony with the cycle of the liturgical year.

This is simple, confiding, joyous prayer, normally leading back to the loving contemplation of God his father, and splendidly exemplifying the nature, facility and fruitfulness of affective mental prayer. Apart from logical sequence, and seldom exceeding two pages of clear, large type, these abstracts range over a vast variety of topics. Apparently the author was a prayerful religious who lived intimately with God and had schooled himself in the supernatural art of talking out his heart to Him in the most direct and simple language. The general approach is that of a child with the most understanding and loving Father, and his faith in the love of the Father is the soul of his prayer. For such as live a life of faith, a few minutes daily devoted to the reflective perusal of his work will beget similar results, and teach them how to pray, to converse lovingly and trustfully with the omnipotent God who is all understanding, mercy, power and love. DANIEL J. M. CALLAHAN, S.J.

ASIA AND CHRISTIANITY

Asia Looks at Western Christianity. *By Thomas Ohm, O.S.B.* Translated Irene Marinoff. New York. Herder and Herder. 1959. Pp. xvii-252. $4.75.

With the disappearance of colonialism from Asia the missionary forces of the Church confront a new situation wherein the missions can not honestly be represented by Asians as just another phase of colonial exploitation and domination. However, the past is so very much with us that Christianity is still judged merely as a product of the west. Since in the cultures of most Asians religion is identified with total living, in the minds of these people everything in the west must be identified with Christianity. To meet the new situation we should understand the prevailing attitudes about us.

The author has brought together the judgments on Christianity by Japanese, Chinese and Indian. According to the author's design our religion includes Catholicism and Protestantism, since these divisions do not enter into the Asians' appraisal. The indictment is quite universal among the intellectuals cited, and Christian missionaries are quoted on the relative failure of our evangelization. It would be unwise to cancel out the accusations with the observation that these people just do not understand the religion of the west. Some of the judgments are valid. The justified condemnations may be ascribed to the fact that we have not sufficiently revealed a sensitivity to the local scene with its legitimate social and religious expressions. Other judgments have to be rejected because they are contrary to essential elements in Christianity and have as their premiss the assumption of the complete adequacy of Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Shintoism. Then there are the familiar condemnations of the west; materialism, individualism, activism, hedonism, intellectualism. These things are supposed to be completely foreign to the Asian spirit of intuitionism, a profound sense of the Absolute, transcendence of this world, the contemplative emphasis, the primacy of the family, clan or caste. Some aspects of Christianity are approved, especially the social, charitable and educational works.

It should be most helpful for the missionary to know what people think about Christianity. The author's evaluations of Asian judgments are honest and balanced. Just how closely the thinking recorded in this book represents the attitudes of the immense masses is uncertain. The worth of the book is in what the title announces—what Asians think about us.

EDWARD L. MURPHY, S.J.

PUBLIC RELATIONS FOR THE CHURCH

A Handbook of Church Public Relations. *By Ralph Stoody.* New York: Abingdon Press, 1959. Pp. 256. $4.00.

Active in the World Council of Churches and general secretary of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, Dr. Stoody has written a manual that will be valuable for Catholic Pastors, teachers, and administrators. Though his handbook is Protestant in tenor, it is easy to see how relevant are his remarks for priests and religious engaged in the active ministry. The external activity of the Church is a Public Relations "natural." The Church's unity, organization, and spiritual riches can all be fully exploited if we follow a few simple principles. The problems are: how to find and recognize and make news; how to write news (simply, factually, briskly); how to deal with editors and reporters (as competent, trustworthy professionals, no-nonsense men with deadlines); how to make news (it's often there just waiting to be organized). Dr. Stoody answers these problems with examples and suggestions. Schools, colleges and universities, seminaries, retreat houses and parishes with a keen sense of PR will find their apostolate working more smoothly and fruitfully. Anniversaries, Founder's Clubs, Founder's Day, Sunday Sermons, lectures, the Laetare Medal, Papal honors, imaginative promotions of all kinds are examples of Church-orientated PR.

Dr. Stoody does not advocate any gimmicks or false sensationalism. He urges us simply to recognize that PR is the effective presentation of the Church to the public. If priests and religious in a given institution are aware of the purpose and function of PR they will contribute almost unconsciously to that presentation.

Chapters on radio and TV techniques point up facts that every priest must know before using these media. Even though few priests and religious appear on radio and TV programs, this advice can be translated to other forms of communication.

Dr. Stoody's remarks have a wide range of applications. His advice merits careful attention.

T. A. O'CONNOR, S.J.

POETS AND SAINTS ON DEATH

Death: A Book of Preparation and Consolation. *By Barry Ulanov.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1959. Pp. xviii-292. $5.00.

Thornton Wilder once said, in *Our Town*, that it is only the poets and the saints who really realize life while they are living it. Fittingly enough, it is first of all to the poets and saints that Professor Ulanov turns in his search for the world's wisdom about death, for only those who realize the value of life can appreciate the true meaning of death.

These brief selections from poets, saints and theologians on the general theme of death are arranged according to their subject matter, and placed under such headings as "Heaven," "Hell," "The Immortality of the Soul," "Be Ye Always Ready," and "Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled." The selection, as one would expect from English professor Ulanov, is tasteful and judicious, and forms a rich brocade of Christian thought on the theme of death. Besides the Sacred Scriptures, there are one hundred and thirty-two authors represented in the volume, ranging from St. Cyprian and St. Cyril of Jerusalem to modern theologians Guardini and de Lubac, from Cynewulf and Venerable Bede to T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas.

One hesitates to play favorites, but Francois Villon's "Prayer of the Old Woman," C. Day Lewis' "Overtures to Death," and a marvelous bit of Dr. Johnson on Catholic belief in purgatory, are alone worth the price of admission. And, of course, there are the magnificent lines from *Henry IV, Part II:* "By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next."

This is indeed a rich and varied treasure. An aid to reflective thought and prayer, it would also (more pragmatically) be immensely valuable as a source book for preachers and retreat directors.

J. Robert Barth, S.J.

SYMBOLISM AND RELIGIOUS ART

Symbolism in Liturgical Art. *By LeRoy H. Appelton and Stephen Bridges.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959. Pp. vi-120. $3.50.

A symbol "throws together" two things: the graphic shape of the symbol itself and an idea which the symbol suggests. This suggestion is not, as it is in the case of a sign, sensible, but is an intellectual suggestion requiring previous knowledge of the symbol. Thus an alpha and omega or a fish will be to a Christian merely decorative devices unless he has been taught their true and profound meaning.

Since there is no osmotic process by which this knowledge can be acquired, the value of this little book, *Symbolism in Liturgical Art,* becomes obvious. Each of us has glimpsed the frightful lack of information and surplus of mis-information about the origin and meaning of even the ordinary liturgical symbols. Consider too that artists and architects are every year making greater use of symbols: compare the book design of the *Religion Essentials Series* by Father Austin G. Schmidt, S.J., with the older high school religion text, *Religion: Doctrine and Practice,* by Father Francis B. Cassilly, S.J. Think also of any recently designed church interior. Yet these symbols are of no religious value unless they are understood by Christians. So it is incumbent upon us to knead into our religion courses the teaching of liturgical symbolism.

This book is well-suited as a reference book in a parish, high school or college library. It should be in both the student and faculty library, but

especially the latter, so that it may more easily be consulted in the preparation of religion classes. Although the book is designedly popular, its scholarship is accurate. For example, it well describes the different nuances of thirteen different designs of the cross: Byzantine, Greek, Jerusalem, Latin, Papal, etc. All together, the book lists 134 symbols. Each symbol is line-drawn in red and is accompanied by a paragraph or page-long explanation of its history and meaning. The book concludes with an annotated bibliography and an index.

DANIEL J. MULHAUSER, S.J.

ANNIVERSARY VOLUME

The Church of Saint Ignatius of Loyola (Tenth Anniversary Commemorative Volume). Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, 1959.

This commemorative volume pays eloquent tribute to the modern Gothic church that graces the campus of Boston College. A brief history of the parish, entrusted to the Jesuits of the College in 1926, prefaces a series of strikingly beautiful sketches by Jack Frost. The sketches, often surprisingly detailed, and the accompanying commentary offer a truly artistic description of the Church's interior and exterior elegance. Father Thomas M. Herlihy the pastor, his Jesuit assistants and the parishioners of Saint Ignatius can take pride both in the beauty of their church and in this exquisite volume that commemorates the tenth anniversary of the dedication.

ALFRED E. MORRIS, S.J.

REFLECTIONS ON BOOKS AND CULTURE

In All Conscience: Reflections on Books and Culture. *By Harold C. Gardiner, S.J.* New York: Hanover House, 1959. Pp. 288. $3.95.

To anyone who has followed the criticism of Father Harold Gardiner in the pages of *America* in recent years, it will come as no surprise that this new volume, a selection of his critical articles, is a book of no small merit. Father Gardiner, who is in his twentieth year as literary edtor of *America*, has edited here approximately one-fourth of his *America* writings.

Sound as his articles were in their original context, seen now together for the first time they manifest something more, a remarkable unity of approach. Basically, this approach to literature is that sketched out in more detail in Father Gardiner's *Norms for the Novel.* As he expresses it, his criticism has always intended to be "a continuing comment on our American culture as it is mirrored in and influenced by literature and other communications media." His is a "moral" criticism, in the best sense of that much-abused term.

It is interesting to realize, in re-reading these *America* essays, how remarkably well Father Gardiner's original evaluations of controversial books have stood the test of time and further criticism. He was, for example, one of the first to evaluate adequately such books as Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited,* H. F. M. Prescott's *The Man on a Donkey,* and Alan Paton's minor masterpiece *Cry, the Beloved Country;* he was one of the few Catholic critics to take a firm stand in favor of such

controversial religious novels as *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, The End of the Affair* and *The Nun's Story.*

Such critical evaluations, together with essays on problem areas in modern culture, several articles on the Catholic viewpoint on censorship, and a handful of fine creative pieces on the spirit of Christmas, form the nucleus of this volume. There are few aspects of modern literature and culture upon which Father Gardiner has not thought and written, and most of them are reflected here "in all conscience."

J. Robert Barth, S.J.

Among Our Reviewers

Father Daniel J. M. Callahan (New York Province) is Professor Emeritus of Dogmatic Theology at Woodstock.

Father Joseph Duhamel (New York Province) is Professor of Moral Theology at Woodstock.

Father William Gleason (New York Province), now Rector of Bellarmine College, Plattsburgh, was Master of Novices at St. Andrew-on-Hudson for thirteen years.

Father William F. Graham (Maryland Province) is Spiritual Father of the theologians at Woodstock.

Father Edward L. Murphy (New England Province) is on the editorial staff of *Jesuit Missions.*

Father Vincent M. Novak (New York Province), who is conducting a course in Catechetics at Woodstock, recently completed his catechetical studies at the *Lumen Vitae* school in Belgium.

Father Joseph B. Schuyler (New York Province) is Professor of Sociology at Loyola Seminary.

Father Edward J. Sponga (Maryland Province), Rector of Woodstock, holds a doctorate in philosophy and is a specialist in modern philosophical thought.